THE

WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

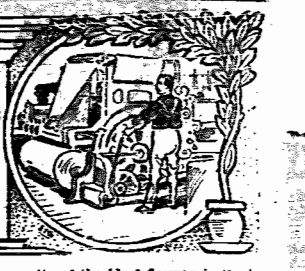
25th Year. No. 17. WILLIAM BOOTH, General. TORONTO, JANUARY 23, 1909. THOMAS B. COOKES, Commissioner. Price, 2 Cents

DISTINGUISHED VISITORS TO TORONTO.

(See page 11)

... Chief Secretary, Ame... ...ichael McIntyre, Commander of Central Prove...

Cutlets from Contemporaries.



Advice to a Cadet.

A Father's Letter to His Son in Training.

You were saying in your last letter that there are some very clever Cadets in the Garrison. Well, Simon, learn all you can from them; it's not so much what a man knows, but what he thinks he knows, that spoils him. Don't be afraid of the real clever man, he's handy to you, boy; keep on the right side of him; ask him questions often if you don't know. But don't take your eyes off the other side. There are very few folks I find who consider they belong to this class; you had need to keep your weather eye open. Big talk is no evidence of brains—mostly the opposite.

I somehow like your idea about "Not putting in time at the Garrison." Good boy, certainly not. If you put in spuds, Simon, they mostly grow with interest, but the man who only "puts in time," finds out that which he puts in only gets smaller; this is a bad way to farm; they do say as how a man lives more by deeds than years. There's old Jackson down on Cooper's Flat. To my certain knowledge he's been on his section nigh on thirty-five years, and there ain't a road made up to his shanty yet; he has one of the best farms about the Creek, yet it's in the hands of the bank. Now, everybody knows he reckoned everything would turn out all right in the end; I find it's mostly a bad end that turns out with that type of man, Simon. Tell mind with a fair proportion of brains will keep a man on his own farm free from debt in a country like this, and it will [illegible] you no end of good in building up [illegible] kingdom of God on earth.—[illegible] Cry.

A Remarkable Dream.

Which Convinced an Army Officer of Her Call to India.

Mother had consecrated her girl for the service of God, but she did not foresee that God would decide upon the despised Salvation Army as the place for that service. Had she trained her daughter for naught after all. Bitterly disappointed, the mother parted from her daughter, never to see her again. Mother's will and God's will were not in harmony, but the daughter, true to her inward convictions, though with a breaking heart, said with her life as well as with her lips "Thy will be done."—The telegram telling of her mother's sickness came too late, she only arrived in time to see the dear form. Her mother had gone where misunderstandings were no longer possible.

"We shall know each other better, when the mists have rolled away," we sometimes sing, and, as if to convince the Ensign of the truth of this, a most remarkable thing happened. For some time the Ensign's name had been down on the list for Indian service, but there had been many delays and disappointments. On the particular day in question, however, a telegram came from Headquarters saying "get ready for India." Before the telegram came, the Ensign had dreamed that she was packing her box in preparation for her journey to India, and that while doing so, her mother came and said to her so nicely, "Let me help you to pack the box."

Was it a coincidence? Whatever it was, the dream and the telegram coming in such close proximity, convinced the Ensign that India was her place, and that after all she now had her mother's approbation as well as God's.—Indian War Cry.

The Power of Army Music.

Extract from a Paper by Commissioner Carleton.

If it were possible to have a plebiscite of all who have during the past thirty-nine years knelt at Salvation Army penitent forms, I am bold to affirm that, in the vast majority of cases, it would be found that they had either been attracted to The Army meetings by the singing in the open-air, or that they had been helped to the penitent form by the singing of such songs as we are accustomed to introduce at our indoor meetings.

We might, perhaps, get on in a kind of way without instrumental music; but we cannot dispense with that sweetest of all sounds—the music of the human voice.

The human voice has the great advantage over every man-made instrument, inasmuch as it not only produces the melody, but enunciates the thoughts and sentiments, and by this twofold combination, a result is achieved which cannot be obtained either by the melody alone or by the words alone.

I would encourage the formation of a Singing Brigade at every Corps. This will work advantageously in two ways. It will assist the singing, and it will give some definite work to a number of the Soldiers.

I am a strong advocate of Singing Brigades. I have now had ten years' experience as the leader of a Songsters' Brigade—for, thank God, I have the privilege of being a fighting Soldier as well as a Commissioner. It has not only been a great blessing to my own soul, but it has been a great help to the Corps, to the Field Officer, and to the Songsters themselves! I feel I can speak with some degree of confidence on this subject. I know its advantages, and I am fully alive to its dangers. I am confident that the advantages are great, and that its dangers can be properly safeguarded.—Bandsman and Songster.

The Brave Fireman.

One Who Risks His Life for Others.

It is one of the "sights" of London to see a fire-engine dashing along, the alarm bell clanging, the horses snorting and foaming, and with all the rest of the traffic temporarily side-tracked to permit of the rapid progress of the engine and its complement of fine, sturdy men in uniform and helmet.

The fireman, as he is borne pell-mell, helter-skelter on the top of a brightly burnished, sparkling engine, is the observed of all observers. No doubt the colour and the glitter and the speed of the vehicle account in some degree for this universal stare; but only in part. Far away at the back of the spectator's mind, is the thought that this stout, helmeted, belted man is one whose occupation constantly necessitates his taking his life in both hands.

Children are instinctively attracted by stories of deeds of daring and self-sacrifice, so that it is well that nearly every child's school reading book contains a story with some such title as "The Brave Fireman." And it is always one of the most popular tales, and is remembered long afterwards when most of childhood's joys and sorrows and impressions have faded into nothingness.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friend"—the beautiful expression of a beautiful thought—might be the motto of the ideal fireman in the hour of greatest danger.

The fireman, we feel, belongs to an almost sacred guild, whose solemn duty it is to save the helpless, the feeble, and the weak from an awful death. Every one takes his hat off to this hero of our cities, because we may recognise in him something that approximates to the Divine ideal of Love, which sacrificed Life itself for the sake of you and me and the whole world.—English War Cry.

Tempted, but Victorious.

Her Heart was Fixed on God.

The daughter of an English nobleman had embraced Christ as her Saviour. Her father was almost distracted at the event, and by threats, by temptations to extravagance in dress, by reading, and travelling in foreign countries, and visits to places of fashionable resort, he took every means in his power to divert her mind from things unseen and eternal. Her heart was fixed, however, and at last her father resolved upon a final and desperate experiment, by which his end should be gained, or his daughter's prospects in the present life for ever ruined. A large number of nobility were invited to his house, and it was so arranged that, during the festivities, the daughter of different noblemen were to be called on to entertain the company with singing and music. It was a dreadful crisis; and as it approached, different individuals, at the call of the company, performed their parts with the greatest applause. At last, the name of the converted young lady was announced. In a moment all were in suspense to see how the scale of destiny would turn. Without hesitation she arose, and, with a calm and dignified composure, took her place at the instrument. After a moment spent in silent prayer, she ran her fingers along the keys, and then, with an unearthly sweetness and melancholy song, accompanying her voice with the notes of the instrument, the hymn commencing with the lines:

No more for mirth or trifling here,
For worldly hope, or worldly fear,
If life so soon is gone.

The minstrel ceased, Christ was triumphant, the daughter was saved, while the father wept aloud for the salvation of his soul, and was soon converted to God.—Field Officer.

The Praying League

Special topic for prayer: Pray for bereaved friends of the sufferers in the terrible horrors of Italy's earthquake.

♣ ♣

Sunday, January 24th.—The Acted Life. Genesis xxvii. 1-17.

Monday, January 25th.—The Spoken Life. Genesis xxvii. 18-33.

Tuesday, January 26th.—Deceit Brings Trouble. Genesis xxvii. 34-45.

Wednesday, January 27th.—Jacob's Dream. Genesis xxviii. 1-22.

Thursday, January 28th.—Jail For Lovers. Genesis xxix. 1-20.

Friday, January 29th.—Laban Cheats Jacob. Genesis xxix. 21-30; xxxi. 3-18.

Saturday, January 30th.—Righteous Indignation. Genesis xxxi. 20-55.

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CHOICE THOUGHTS FOR LEAGUERS.

Someone wrote to Bishop McCabe, asking him to take a book in a silver mine which was to be worked in the interests of missions and church extension. He replied: "We have two mines already, which we are working with great success. One of them is Self-Denial, situated in the Valley of Humiliation. The other is Consecration, which is entered on the heavenly side of the Brook Penitence. These are glorious mines! Their riches are inexhaustible. There is enough in them to bring the whole world to Christ."—Selected.

♣ ♣

A sculptor once showed a visitor his studio. It was full of gods. One was very curious. The face was concealed by being covered with hair, and there were wings on each foot.

"What is his name?" said the spectator.

"Opportunity," was the reply.

"Why is his face hidden?"

"Because men seldom know him when he comes to them."

"Why has he wings on his feet?"

"Because he is soon gone, and once gone, can never be overtaken."—Anon.

♣ ♣

One of the most fatal things in the Christian life is discouragement. A very wise man said that in overcoming temptation, cheerfulness was the first thing, cheerfulness the second, and cheerfulness the third. We must expect to conquer. When our hearts are faint, then temptation has power. Satan knows this well, and he always begins his assaults by discouraging us. We must fly from discouragement as we would from sin.—Selected.

It is hardly possible to overestimate the value of simple unquestioning obedience in the growth of character.—F. B. Meyer.

♣ ♣

One of the secrets of happiness is found in the habitual emphasis of pleasant things, and the persistent casting aside of all malign elements. Men make their own world. We have read of a horticulturist who could not walk through a flower garden, and see a rosebush covered with blossoms, without searching until he found at least one blighted leaf. There are men who cannot look upon a great picture without scrutinising every inch of the canvas for some light or shade to criticise, and afterward they recall only the blemish. Long there were was a tree so beautiful that it did not have one broken bough. There never was a book so wise but that it had some extract or entertainment. Even Homer's brow held one little blemish. Scientists tell us there are spots in the sun.—Newell Dwight Hillis.

THE success of the SIMULTANEOUS SOUL-SAVING CAMPAIGN partly depends on you. Are you doing your share?

DISTINGUISHED VISITORS.

Two Colonial Officers Whose Careers Furnish Splendid Inspiration to Young Comrades.

TORONTO has been favoured with distinguished visitors in connection with the Massey Hall meetings, the most recent being Colonel Peart, the Chief Secretary of the United States Territory; and, in the course of a week or two, we shall (D.V.) have with us Colonel McIntyre, a Canadian born and bred.

These two comrades present fine examples of successful Colonial Salvationists—of men who have risen from the ranks to positions of commanding influence, and shows how that positions amongst the highest in The Army are open to the colonial-raised and trained Officer. In this connection, the following facts concerning the two comrades whose portraits are to be found on the front page, will be found interesting:—

Colonel Peart, Chief Secretary for America.

Colonel Peart has been described as a Salvation gem of purest water, with a long and enviable record of faithful and efficient leadership, and with a zeal and love for souls and an expressed desire to serve as well as rule.

"Every night there would be little knot of interested people on the footpath outside of his room, listening to the young man praying."

The above remark was passed by the gentleman with whom the then embryo Salvationist leader resided. It appears that the lad had formed the habit of making his requests to the Divine Father, even in his private devotions, in natural, audible tones, much to the astonishment of the passers by, hence, the nightly knot of listeners. The boy carried the same spirit into early manhood, and up into the prime of life, and what better recommendation could a leader in a spiritual organisation have, than that he is a man of prayer? The groundwork of the life of William Peart is a prayerful spirit.

One of the most striking characteristics of Colonel Peart is his love for the Word of God; he is a great student of the Bible, for which, next to the Holy Spirit Himself, the influence of godly parents is mainly responsible. He is naturally a man of decidedly religious convictions. Born in Alston, England, he went to Australia at the early age of seven.

In January 1885, Cadet Peart entered the Training Home at South Melbourne, with a certain amount of fear and trembling. However, about the rightness of the step he had no doubt, and during the few weeks there he earnestly applied himself to the important work he had taken up. He studied and worked at himself with grim determination. Before the close of February, he received his first appointment to assist at the Adelaide Divisional Office.

During the four years he remained in Adelaide, Cadet Peart received promotion to the rank of Staff-Captain. On the occasion of his farewell, his marriage with Captain Butcher took place, and Mrs. Peart has ever proved a true helpmeet in every sense. By constant application to his duties, and the faithful discharge of the increasing responsibilities that were thrust upon him, the young Staff-Captain won golden opinions on every hand. In 1889 he was appointed A.D.C. to Major (now Colonel) Wright, in the Divisional Office at Brisbane, and in the following year Major Peart was gazetted "Colony Secretary for New South Wales." In 1891 he was given the honour of instituting the Colony War Office at Brisbane. In addition to the rapidly extending Field work, the young leader made splendid advances on social lines. The Prison Gate and Rescue Work, to which he devoted so much personal attention, were greatly extended in their influence, and assisted in gaining for The Army an opportunity unique in those lands. After two happy years in Queensland, where his incessant labours and out-and-out Salvationism endeared him to the people of all classes, he was called to inaugurate the War Office in Victoria.

This was in the fateful financial year of 1893, when almost every banking institution in the capital closed its doors, with the result that business stagnated, and generally the country was "on its back." Those who had opportunity of watching the plucky Major under these trying circumstances were greatly impressed with his capacity for dealing with perplexing problems. His brotherliness and constant thought for all, and particularly for the comrade in a "tight corner," gained for him the affection of almost every man and woman in his command.

Included in the list of 1894 Congress honours, appeared the promotion of Major Peart to the rank of Brigadier. In the following year he was promoted to Colonel and appointed to be Assistant Chief Secretary, a position which he held for eight years. It will be seen that Colonel Peart has rapidly advanced in rank and position, but a striking proof of the respect in which he has ever been held, is to be found in the fact that his rapid promotion "over the heads" of men under whom he had served, excited nothing in the nature of jealousy; but amongst the men who applauded his advance, there were none more warm hearted in their plaudits than his one time superior Officers, at once a tribute to his character and uncommon ability.

Not the least of the Colonel's abilities is to be found in his platform work. In his busy life he makes time for a great deal of work among the Corps, and his utterances on the platform are ever characterised by intense earnestness, and give evidence of careful preparation. In a word, he is a sterling Salvationist, and a shrewd and careful administrator, ever displaying broadmindedness and deep devotion to duty.

He was appointed Chief Secretary for the United States in 1905.

Colonel McIntyre, American Provincial Officer.

Colonel William McIntyre was born in a little log house just outside the town of Ingersoll, Ont., and while still a small lad, he was left fatherless. He owes less to school books and teachers than he does to a shrewd eagerness and ability to acquire useful knowledge.

When sixteen years of age, he went to Toronto, and attended a meeting conducted by Father Frear, an old blacksmith, in the name of The Salvation Army. At that time there were no commissioned Officers in Canada. That was the future Colonel's first contact with Salvationists. Shortly after this, Captain (afterwards Brigadier) Wass, took charge of the first Corps in Toronto, and there William McIntyre was converted, on February 17th, 1884. Five months later, his application for Officership was accepted, and he became a Cadet, being sent out into the Field with an almost equally inexperienced Captain.

On their first afternoon together, the Cadet was instructed to visit from house to house up a certain street. At one door a painted-faced, bleached-haired woman said, "Oh, we're not of the praying sort here, but upstairs is an old woman dying who might like to see you." And that aged sinner was the first soul won for his Saviour by this young officer. Next day she died, and the coffin was followed by a single carriage, in which were several bad girls and The Salvation Army [illegible], at the graveside tremblingly spoke the words "Dust to dust."

For several years young McIntyre fought a good fight in the Canadian Field, under Commissioner Coombs. He attended the first meetings of the Commissioner,—was accepted as an Officer by him, was married by him; his first child was dedicated by him; and he received all his promotions up to the rank of Staff-Captain from him.

Mrs. McIntyre was The Salvation Army's first convert and Soldier in her community, and as the two Lads-Sergeants from a neighbouring [illegible] could not continue holding meetings regularly in her village, the delicate young girl volunteered to take charge of them. She had never yet seen uniform; but she ordered War Crys, and although there were few expenses, she regularly took up collections, so as to get the people into good habits, and saved the money for the incoming Officers, for whom she steadily pleaded with Headquarters. Finally, Cadet McIntyre was sent once weekly to lend a hand. Then he went elsewhere, and she did [illegible] years on the Field before they again met. Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. McIntyre can now each boast of twenty-two years of Officership, of which thirteen have been spent beneath the Stars and Stripes.

When only nine, Adjutant McIntyre was a Divisional Officer, so he felt quite a veteran, when several years later he was ordered to open up Southern California and Arizona, having his Headquarters at Los Angeles. After experience as General Secretary of the Pacific Coast and of New England, he was appointed to command the Western New York Province. This province then comprised twenty-four Corps, two Social Institutions, and one piece of property worth $[illegible]. Eight years later, in 1906, the Colonel farewelled from fifty Corps, seventy Social Institutions and property valued at $[illegible]. The Soldiership had more than doubled, a debt of $[illegible] was wiped out, and some one hundred souls per month saved in the Colonel's own meetings.

Colonel McIntyre is a specialist in three directions. 1. The Army's building schemes. 2. Systematic raising of finance. 3. The children's work. He is convinced that upon the right development along these lines depends in a large measure the solidarity of The Army's future. This is the way in which he figures it out: 1. An intelligent convert wants to anchor himself and his family to a more substantial home than a cheaply hired Hall up a back street, the only furniture in which are a few twenty-five cent chairs. Such an arrangement gives the impression that the whole local concern depends upon the passing Officer. But when that same thinking convert sees vested interests in a comfortable Army building, he realises that a powerful organisation, abides behind the transient Officer. Every building erected by Colonel McIntyre is an ornament to its town. All are on front streets, and in such prominent situations as nearly opposite the City Hall in Jamestown, N.Y., alongside the City Hall in Bradford, Pa., etc. Their styles vary, but most of the structures are of stone, finished in

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A BRITISH MAJOR-GENERAL

An Envoy in The Salvation Army.

A Philosopher of 85 Keeps Young by Salvation and Song.

The following is interesting, and relates to a Salvationist who is also a retired Major-General in the British army:—

A Christmas message to our readers came through the Daily "Chronicle" office window yesterday. It was that if they wish to keep happy, healthy, and wise, they should all sing, no matter how small the voice. "David knew what he was talking about," wrote our correspondent, "when he said 'shout and sing.' Singing overcomes depression, and creates the merry heart which goes all the way. With the uplifting in joyous melody your cares and sorrows will take to themselves wings; you will be filled with a sense of exhilaration, and your spirits will be borne aloft, rising as light as air upon the wings of song. . . . Therefore:

Come shout and sing,
Make heaven ring
With praises to our King

There is something of the old spirit of Christmas joy in that message, and a Daily "Chronicle" representative made a special journey to the writer of the letter to inquire whether he practised what he preached. It was worth the journey. It is always worth while to find an old man with the singing heart of youth.

Our correspondent was Major-General Martyr, who describes himself as "an old boy of 85." He is right in calling himself a boy, for the keen bright eyes in a noble old face, which would make a portrait for Father Christmas himself, were not tired with old age, but sparkled with the gaiety of the spring time of life.

Music as Medicine.

Before more than a few words had passed, General Martyr began to sing. He sang to the accompaniment of a five-stringed instrument, like an Elizabethan lute. It is a Portuguese instrument, and he bought it many years ago in Madeira. Touching its strings with a gay lilting melody, the old man broke into a joyous chant. It was a hymn praising God for all the good things of life, and his voice rose and fell in merry cadences, so that, instead of a hymn, it seemed like a jovial student song. The general sang many other songs. "I can hardly keep from singing," he said, "I find that it makes me grow young."

Certainly this medicine, which the General prescribes for weary hearts and aching heads and disordered stomachs, and, above all, for disordered souls, has worked wonderfully with himself.

He is a tall, heavily-built man, a typical old soldier, and he carries his eighty-five years as a light load. Sixty-seven years ago he embarked at Portsmouth, with fifty young officers, in the sailing ship "Stag," which three and-a half months later reached the port of Madras. There he became an officer in the old "John Company," fifteen years before the outbreak of the Indian Mutiny. During that terrible time he was stationed with his native regiment, which did not revolt, in the hill country, and only heard the tales of massacre and heroism from afar. It is curious, also, that though he served in many parts of the world, he never once saw the horrors of actual warfare. "A soldier has to do his duty at his post," he said, "even if it is not in the fighting line."

For years now he has been singing to the tune of his "machete," as the stringed instrument is called, and his wife, who has been with him for the greater part of his life, bears testimony that singing keeps him bright and young. It can truly be said of him that he "praises the Lord with a glad heart."

If you are God's child you will have some of God's thoughts whenever you look on a child.

No one ever really knows why the angels sing so much, until he brings home one good tidings.

Many Types of Underworld at the Salvation Army Dinner.

Hunger Brigade of Six Hundred Men, Embracing Many Types of the Poor and Unemployed of the City, Responded to Invitation of Salvation Army and Sat Down to Steaming Dinner in Home on Alexander Street.

(From the Montreal Standard.)

Six hundred hungry men sat down to dinner in the new Salvation Army Home on Alexander Street, on Thursday afternoon, and swept everything eatable and drinkable out of sight quicker than a perspiring corps of caterers could rush it forward. Not a trace was left of almost a ton of solid food, and exactly ninety gallons of tea. Close on five thousand pieces of crockery and cutlery were on active service.

It was a remarkable gathering, concentrating the recesses of the underworld and painting into the great picture of city life, a scene which must give pause to the most indifferent observer, as it also presented an impressive sidelight on man's humanity to man.

Long before one o'clock, the hour at which the dinner was announced to be served, the crowd lined three deep along the sidewalk from the Home to Craig Street, each man with the ticket given to him as a person out of employment, no other classification being asked for.

A Strange Crowd.

That crowd was the wonder of the small boy of the vicinity and the suspicion of the passer-by, who felt for his watch and hastened his footsteps.

But Constable No. 153 handled the six hundred like a schoolmistress with so many children. He was not a particularly brave or aggressive policeman, but he knew his people. In his rude way he called them the "down-an'-out bunch," and instead of flourishing his club, as some policemen would do if you winked an eyelid at them, he merely said—"Take it easy boys; keep in line, boys; lots o' time an' lots o' dinner, boys!" When one of the crowd would facetiously wish him a happy New Year, and wait for the general laugh, he would reply, solemnly, "An' the same to you, friend;" whereat the laugh was choked and men were thoughtful.

When he opened the door to let them in, he blocked half the opening with his body, and turnstiled the other half with his arm. "One at a time, boys," he said; "no crushing, boys; lots o' room an' lots o' dinner, boys." This policeman has nothing whatever to do with the story, but he will creep in.

They Made a Noise.

There were three big rooms laid out for dinner on the second floor, and in a few minutes every table but one was flanked by expectant diners, and the outside door was locked. Noisy! They rattled the cups, and shuffled their feet, and called for dinner, dinner, dinner, but the best of humour prevailed.

There was an odor as of clothing that had been laid away in some musty cupboard for long, and brought out for an airing in rain; a display of clothing that the meanest broker on Craig Street would have shrunk from asking a price for; rows of unshaven faces and unkempt heads and dirty hands; here and there a carefully dressed man with secret patches holding obstreperous parts of cloth together, and a collar cleaned many times with stale bread; a man with a hard felt hat; a man with a coat —dear me!—and a man dressed even to cuff links and a scarfpin—gracious!

YOU can't talk in public! Then go fishing in the Prayer meeting, and talk personally to individuals. Remember, a little gun is as effective at close range as a big one.

Of All Nations.

Canadians, Americans, Englishmen, Irishmen, Scotchmen, Italians, Russians, and those of other countries. In connection with these provisions for the poor and unemployed, it has been claimed that fifty per cent. were of Old Country birth, but Brigadier Hargrave is authority for the statement that of the six hundred diners here, not more than twenty per cent. belonged to the Old Country, which is as reasonable a state of affairs as could be wished for, if another stated claim is allowed, to wit —that fifty per cent. of the total English-speaking population of the city comes from the Old Country.

Good faces, bad faces, indifferent faces. Cripples, degenerates, drunkards, drug-fiends, ne'er-do-wells, criminals, professional beggars, loafers, and a more prominent smattering than one might at first think, of men who had been swept down to the free-dinner level through circumstances beyond their control.

Once a Barrister.

That man over there—the one with the collar—was a barrister who once defended Salvation Army cases in court, and now seeks a Salvation Army dinner. That thin man has right hand and right leg paralysed.

The man he talks to has in his pockets various types of begging cards, for which he has paid five dollars a thousand, with fifty cents a hundred extra for some specially-reserved cards with gilt edges. At that other table you see an ex-soldier, with the medals of two Egyptian wars and the Chitral campaign; the talkative man sitting next to him was born into the condition in which you now see him, and has no ambitions. There is a decent looking man who hesitates to rub shoulders with some of his neighbours, but he is hungry, so—well? Another wild-looking man puts his hand in an inside pocket and looks furtively around; he is no anarchist, but a poor, water-brained creature who has for years carried a precious packet of letters with him. Yet another—it might be said, yet another three hundred, for that matter—is a habitual drunkard, carrying the marks of it in face and carriage. And still another is a chronic won't-work and sponger.

The sneak thief, the clever thief, the imbecile and the mentally alert, the healthy and able-bodied and the weak and dying.

Ready For Work.

Strange types jumbled up, row on row, three rooms full, all hungry. Mixed with the drab are the red and the blue uniforms of The Salvation Army—men and women, Brigadier to Captain, Lieutenant to simple Soldier, happy in the happiness that they try to bring to others, ready to set hard and cheerfully to work among all that material, most of it unpromising, that you see there.

Silence is obtained, and Grace is sung. You marvel at the volume of sound. It appeals, even though it is hopelessly out of tune, because there is something earnest trembling through it which no virtuoso could convey.

Then dinner. The red and blue uniforms flit in and out, there is an awful clatter of knives and forks, and

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LEAVES FROM THE T. PLANT.

Neepawa is swinging. Captain Lamkin is a hustler, and things are booming. The "doings down at The Army seem to be the talk of the town." For the last few weeks the building has been in the hands of the workmen, and there has been a complete transformation. New heating apparatus and electric light has been installed, and the inside thoroughly renovated, making it one of the handsomest and most up-to-date buildings. This means that new people are coming and the Corps is humming along in great style. Frank who has been the faithful Corps horse for the last fourteen years, conveyed from the Depot, and we had two excellent meetings and big crowds.

We spent a quiet Christmas amongst some of our own friends, "away from the maddening crowds." Our life, as a rule, is lived at express speed, and it was a real contrast and treat to be able to spend a little time "in the country." We shall remember the happy Christmas spent in the Land of the Maple Leaf. It was a real season of blessing and cheer.

* *

Our week-end at the flourishing City of Brandon, was tip-top in every way. Although we were close on the heels of Christmas festivities and special demonstrations, the anticipations for our visit were fully realised. I may be pardoned for quoting the local press. "Major and Mrs. Tom Plant lived up to the name they had acquired—that of Musical Wonders—when they gave their unique demonstration, 'Round the World in a Chariot of Music and Song,' in The Salvation Army Barracks last night.

The Hall was packed when the Major and his wife mounted the platform, surrounded by instruments of every description on which they were going to entertain their friends.

The Major proved himself a master musician. The easy manner in which he handled his instruments, and his beautiful selections, were most pleasing. The instruments in the hands of the Major almost spoke.

Mrs. Plant's recitations were beautiful, and her selections on the Canadian sleigh bells brought forth rounds of applause.

During their stay in the City Major and Mrs. Plant's demonstrations have been a great success and reflect greatly on the organisation to which they belong."

Ensign Habkirk, of the well known family of that name, is in charge."

* *

We arrived at Regina in a blizzard, which blew the snow in all directions, and made it almost impossible to be in the street. At any rate all those who came to the meeting must have fought their way there, and quite a good crowd turned out, and we were full up on the second night. They were no exception to the rule, as far as their love of music is concerned, as was evidenced by the enthusiasm displayed. Things have grown since I was last in Regina, almost beyond recognition. Everything has gone ahead. The Army included. We have a nice band of Soldiers here. The happenings are encouraging, and still there's more to follow.

* *

As soon as Captain Lewis greeted us at the station, we felt we were in for a good time. She had a holy ambition that Saskatoon should come up to the other places in success and blessing, and she was rewarded, for the results of our musical festival here were in advance of any Corps yet visited in the Dominion, and places them "on top" in this connection. It was evident that our Hall was useless for the crowd who desired to come, and at short notice our good friend, the Rev. Abbott, placed his church at our disposal, and for considerably over two hours music, song and story kept things a boiling, and everybody was feeling good.

We had the pleasure of spending the last day of 1908 here, and our watchnight was a season of marvellous power and blessing. The folks seemed loth to leave, and we finished up with three precious souls at the cross.

Captains Lewis and [illegible] are in charge of this [illegible] Corps.—Tom Plant, Major.

THE WORLD AND ITS WAYS.

Dinuzulu and Miss Colenso.

Miss Colenso, who is a daughter of the Bishop of Natal and arithmetic fame, resembles her father in her strong sympathies with the South African native. She has enthusiastically take up the cause of the Zulu chief, Dinuzulu, now on his trial for high treason at Greytown. Dinuzulu is a son of Cetewayo, and in the picturesque Zulu phrase the people say, with reference to his trial, that "the white men are killing the child"—that is, the child of the king. Each day, when the Court meets and adjourns, the native spectators utter the royal salute, "Bayete!" ostensibly to the judges, but really, it is said, in honour of Dinuzulu.

The Enterprising West.

It is reported that a great wave of public ownership is sweeping over the North-West. Alberta is selling two million dollars worth of bonds in London, to establish a public telephone system. The Premiers of the three provinces are seriously discussing a plan of public ownership of the great grain elevator system throughout the West. The Winnipeg Council has awarded contracts for more than a million on the city power plant, to cost five million, with all equipment. Edmonton is investigating plants to develop a great power scheme for Alberta terms at Athabaskan Falls, 140 miles away. A striking feature of these promotion schemes is that New York, Montreal and London capitalists are purchasing bonds for these works at high prices.

Progress in Soudan.

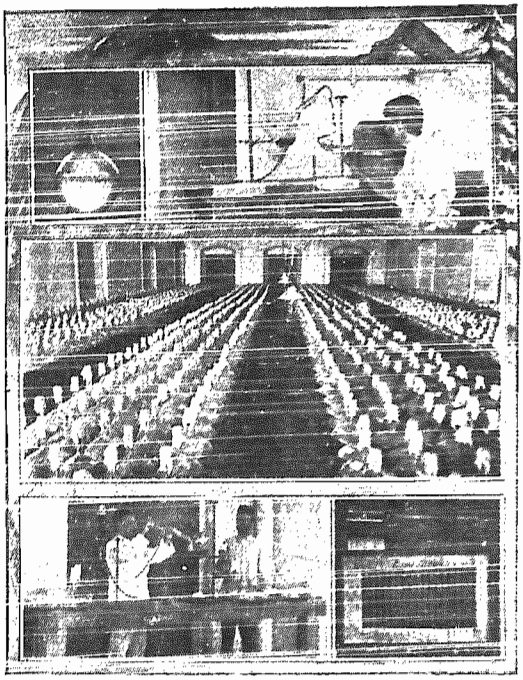
During the last ten years, the Soudan has undergone a remarkable change. The City of Khartoum is growing rapidly. It has public gardens, a church, a hotel and on the river a fine steamer is at the service of tourists who wish to make excursions. The territory of which it is the capital, is under a system of government which has produced wonderful results. The revenue of the Soudan in 1898, when the English took it over, was estimated at $40,000, though it proved to be $175,000. Eight years later, it was estimated at over $4,000,000. This year it exceeds $5,000,000. There was in 1907, an increase of more than 40 per cent. over the preceding year in the area under cultivation, although the Nile was one of the lowest ever known.

U. S. Congress Rebukes President.

The United States Congress recently rebuked President Roosevelt for the reflections which he had cast on the honour of that body in the references to the Secret Service contained in his last annual message to Congress. It was in this message that Mr. Roosevelt said, among other things, that the chief argument against the extension of the activities of the Secret Service was that Congressmen were themselves afraid of being investigated.

It is declared that the language employed in the annual message was unjustified and without basis of fact. The House put itself on record as declining to accept Mr. Roosevelt's explanation of his own objectionable words, accused him of being guilty of "breach of the privileges of the House," and ordered laid on the table, or thrown in the waste basket, the portion of the annual message referring to the Secret Service.

Such an episode has not been witnessed in Congress since the days of President Johnson, forty years ago.



A Microbe Manufactory — Preparing Anti-Plague Serum in India

The serum which offers protection against plague, was discovered by Mr. Haffkine. Already man have been inoculated with it, and it is claiming that it has done more than any other remedy towards the eradication of the disease. The serum is a dead serum, and includes the plague-bacillus, which is carefully isolated, killed and sterilized for a certain period, and then mixed and placed with a certain percentage of carbolic acid in hermetically sealed glass bottles.

1. A bottle containing plague-germs in the broth in which they are cultivated. 2. Decanting the serum in bottles. 3. White guinea-pigs are bred, that plague may be defied; incubating the germs in the specially prepared broth in the incubating-room. 4. Killing and sterilizing the germs. 5. Phials of the serum.—(a). A bottle after it has received a charge of the serum; (b) Part of the neck containing a small proportion of the contents of the bottle, which has been fused off the phial and will be kept for reference.

Recent Atlantic Disasters.

During the past few months one hundred and fifty lives have been lost on the North Atlantic.

Four vessels have mysteriously disappeared, carrying 122 men down with them, while four or five minor disasters swell the total number to the century and a half mark. With two exceptions all these disasters happened to vessels on the Canadian, Newfoundland, or St. Pierre coasts, or to vessels bound thither. Four steamers, three schooners, one bark and one barge have contributed to the death roll.

In point of loss of life, the worst casualty in that period was the disappearance of the Fabre liner, "Neustria." Since leaving New York for Marseilles on October 27, nothing has been heard of this steamer, or forty-seven men who manned her. A French cruiser is now scouring the Atlantic, in search of the long-overdue vessel, but all hope of finding her has been practically abandoned.

Moving Big Trees.

The moving of big trees is a very expensive undertaking, but it can be done if time and money are of no account. The process is as follows:—

First, a deep trench should be dug around the tree from five to seven feet from the base of the tree, and working under so as to cut off all the roots possible without disturbing the bole.

The ends of the roots should all be cut smooth and the trench filled up with a good compost of peat, rotten sods and manure, and left for a year, when a second trench can be opened at the outside of the first and the tree carefully undermined with a pick, so as to remove the soil with as little [illegible] to the young fibres as possible, and the tree carefully drawn over so as to cut whatever taproot may have been left.

If a supply of base mats is at hand, they can be carefully bound around the ball of earth, and if it is not too large, it can be loaded on a dray and drawn to the place of planting, where the hole has been prepared beforehand.

New Planet Discovered.

News of the existence of a new major planet situated beyond Neptune, announced on the authority of Professor Pickering, of Harvard Observatory, has been received by the Solar Physics Observatory, South Kensington. The two last major planets, Uranus and Neptune, were discovered in 1781 and 1846 respectively. Neptune has hitherto been the outmost known major planet of the Solar system with a diameter about four times that of the earth.

A Chinese Revival.

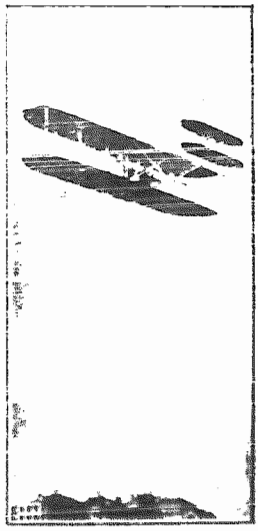
There are good signs that China is awakening. A missionary writes as follows:—

"In prayer we were moved to bring many before God by name at each meeting and to plead definitely that we might see each one come forward publicly and make confession. The sight presented daily was a remarkable one. Scores and hundreds of persons on their own initiative, in tears and agony many of them, confessing in the presence of all, to almost every imaginable sin, and asking the prayers of pastors and Christians on their behalf. While there was a great variety in the sins confessed, there was a continual turning to special forms of sins against God. Among these were pride, envy, strife, Sabbath-breaking, neglect of the Bible and of prayer, failure to pray for and to lead friends to the Saviour, dishonesty, hatred and other sins. No [illegible] Chinese official could have induced them either by threat or persuasion to own up to such a terrible list."

A Portable Beacon.

[illegible] Lighthouse in the Straits of Messina was destroyed, and the Interstitial Marine Signal Company, whose manufacturing plant is situated at Ottawa, offered to lend a portable lighthouse to the Italian Government. The loan was gratefully accepted, and the signal will be immediately shipped to the scene of the earthquake from Birmingham, England, where [illegible] kept on exhibition. [illegible] months for the Italian Government [illegible] lighthouse in the Straits of Messina and [illegible] the portable [illegible] a more permanent structure [illegible] erected.

[illegible] can be put up on any flat surface. It cannot be broken [illegible] and it only takes three or [illegible] in position.



Man Vying With the Birds in Their Mastery of the Air.

PICTURES AND PARAGRAPHS.

Caught at Last.

As a Cadet stepped out of a saloon bar where he had been selling "Crys" he was met by a stylishly-dressed young man who was about to "take his drop."

The young man began to give the Cadet and The Army an unmerited calling down, but the Cadet was pre-

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pared for anything, and, laying his hand on the other's shoulder, said: "My friend, you ought not to go on like this. You ought to get saved. God loves you, and even now you can seek and find Him."

Wonderful indeed, was the effect of the Cadet's words, for the young man broke down altogether, and sobbed like a child. He confessed between his sobs, that about four years ago, he felt a call to Army work. Day after day he refused to heed his convictions, until one day he received an offer to go on the stage. He engaged with the company, and had long since given up all idea of Army work. But the sight of the Cadet brought up the old memories and past good intentions.

"Let us kneel and pray right now," suggested the Cadet, and without hesitation the two knelt by the door, and crying to God, the wayward young man found peace and pardon.

"Here, let me have ten 'Crys,' I'll take them to our party," said the convert, as he rose, happy in his newfound joy.

Called for the Surplus.

Captain and Mrs. Duncan, of Yarmouth, were recently able to assist greatly in distributing practical Christmas cheer to Yarmouth's poor folk. They also held a free supper for children, upward of eighty enjoying themselves as never before.

The day following the supper, a somewhat amusing, yet pathetic incident occurred. A little boy who had, evidently, participated in the joys of the previous night, and had reached the limit in stowing away in the tasty supper, called at the Captain's door and with a timid, wan face, said, "Please, could I have the piece of pie I left on my plate last night?"

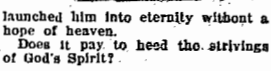
Guess he got it!

Two Choices.

Four young men resolved that they would do their utmost to upset an approaching "special go."

The night of the meeting came, and the four rowdies seated themselves for "a good time," as they thought. As the meeting went on, however, one by one, the young men were immovably revetted to their seats. The Captain's words struck them with a strange force, and the meeting grew hotter and stronger, so that three of the lads rushed from the Hall. The other sat still as before, until at the close of the meeting he rushed—not outside—but to the penitent form.

The next morning one of the "gang" was found dead in a gutter. Drink and death had released his reeling brain from its misery, but had



launched him into eternity without a hope of heaven.

Does it pay to heed the strivings of God's Spirit?

The War Cry Again.

A well-known Toronto firm recently engaged a young man from New York. The firm being desirous that their employees should be total abstainers, the young man refrained from taking liquor, until one day had companions induced him to take some, and he began a downward career.

One day the firm discovered the new employee quite incapable for his work, owing to his intemperance. Dismissal followed, and the young man went on the streets to wander about. What he did during that day, he hardly knew, but he was found the next morning at his lodgings with his pockets crammed with newspapers of every kind—and three War Crys.

When he awoke from his drunken sleep, he began to pull the papers one

by one from his pockets. The "War Crys" particularly attracted his attention. He noticed that a special meeting was to be held in one of the Toronto Corps (it was New Year's Day.) Why not go? Yes, he would. So off he went as fast as his weak body would permit him. He got converted, and was thus able to start the New Year with God's grace to help him to withstand temptation. The War Cry that particularly led to this action was the New Year's number, with the front page picture, "Start the New Year with a Clean Slate."

The World's Best Paper.

"The War Cry has done a lot for me," writes old "Dad," of B——. "Nearly twenty years ago, I withdrew from the little church where I had been accustomed to worship for years, and soon after I began to go down on the old road—drink.

A year and-a-half slipped by, and every day I knew I was going deeper and deeper into sin.

About this time, however, God, in His mercy, saved my son, in S——, and one day he visited me. Pulling a paper from his pocket, he handed me what turned out to be a War Cry. I read and re-read that 'Cry,' it was the most inspiring bit of reading I had ever seen. It hit me and stuck to me, and I thought there was not another paper in the whole world like it (and I think so to-day, after twenty-four years' study of the 'Cry.')

My son drove home to my weary heart the tidings of Salvation, which that Cry contained, and I emerged into the light of God, which still fills my soul, at the age of seventy-five."

"Dad" took one hundred and one copies of the Christmas Cry. Three he gave away, one he lost, and the remainder—97—he sold, turning in nearly a dollar to the good.

Restitution.

In the mail received by the Federal Civil Service officials in Philadelphia, was a letter containing twenty-five cents in postage stamps, addressed to the Secretary, and marked "Personal." The letter was enclosed in a Salvation Army envelope, and it read as follows:—

"Dear Sir,—I write this letter to beg to acknowledge a debt I owe to the U. S. Post Office. When I was a boy, some thirteen or fourteen years old, while selling the daily newspapers, I would send a paper once in a while to my grandmother in the country, and sometimes I would write on the papers and let them know how we were at home, which I should not have done, and only put postage on it for the paper.

"Now, enclosed you will find twenty-five cents, which I think will cover the omitted postage.

"When I done this dishonest trick I did not know any better, but I have found it out now, and I hope you will

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Cadets Advertising Colonel Peart's Meetings.

forgive me and let it drop where it is, as I have a family now to support.

"P. S.—I am serving the Lord now, and hope you are doing the same."—American Y. S.

Having a Good Time.

A wholesome scorn for physical ills is a good thing, according to the philosophy of a boy in the State School for Dependent Children, who wrote his father thus:—

"Dear papa,—We children are having a good time here now. Mr. Sage broke his leg and can't work. We went on a picnic and it rained and we all got wet. Many children here are sick with mumps. Mr. Higgins fell off the waggon and broke his rib, but he can work a little. The man that is digging the deep well whipped us boys with a buggy whip, because we threw sand in his machine, and made black and blue marks on us. Ernest cut his finger badly. We are all very happy."—American Young Soldier.

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Brother Tom Wesley.
Outpost-Sergeant of Ramah Reserve.

MANY TYPES OF UNDERWORLD AT SALVATION ARMY DINNER.

Continued from page 4.)

the murmur of hunger opposed floats around. No one is speaking now. Every man at a table is eating vigorously, sometimes selfish.

Ate Three Dinners.

There are little flashes of pathetic humour, if the expression be permitted. A man slinks out of dining-room No. 1, and into dining-room No. 2, for another dinner, and from No. 2 into No. 3. He is congratulating himself that he has escaped observation, but an Army Captain says to The "Standard" man: "If the poor chap can eat three dinners he is welcome to them!"

Policeman No. 152 — as already mentioned, he has nothing to do with the story—slips hesitatingly up the stairs and whispers in the ear of the Staff-Captain. "Certainly, of course, at once," says the Staff-Captain. Policeman No. 152 slips downstairs again and in a minute up comes a small brigade of hungry-looking men, who have no tickets, but for whom the locked door has been unlocked by the No. aforesaid. The Staff-Captain welcomes them, ranges them along the only empty table, and sees to it that they get a good dinner.

After Twenty Years.

Among them another Officer recognises a man who was at school with him in the Old Country twenty years ago. He speaks to him, and the man does not at first remember. Then the memories of childhood rush back, and silently the two shake hands. It is a subject for a picture.

Byand-bye, the diners commence to file out one by one, and The Salvation Army Officers stand in corners on the landings and cast the eye of experience over them. Two men have complaints to make. One says he got only one cup of tea, and the man next to him got five. "Come back, and I'll give you four," says an Officer, but the man wishes to nurse his grievance, and slinks sulkily downstairs. The other man complaining that the plum pudding was cold by the time it reached his table, and that a hungry man could get the portion in his eye, anyhow. "We do not want anyone to go away hungry," he is told, and he is toted back for more.

Another man says, "God bless you sir," in an ingratiating way which is at the same time the clearest hypocrisy. "Speak to God yourself, my friend," says the Officer addressed, quietly.

Friendly Exchanges.

The great mass of the diners, however, have no complaint—quite the reverse, and thanks are genuine. A happy New Year was wished hundreds of times, and a hearty handshake exchanged. "May I shake hands?" asks a timid youth, of an Officer. "Glad to know you, my boy," is the reply. "Won't you come and make friends with us. Say 9 o'clock to-morrow morning, eh? Will you come? You will? That's right—don't forget!" and the lad goes downstairs a great deal brighter than he came up, for the first touch of the helping hand has been laid upon him.

And so they pass on—words of cheer here, hopes of employment held out there, gentle words of remonstrance, delicate references to an old mother or to little children or to broken promises, perhaps the sowing of seeds which will be fruitful. No ostentatious or patronising attitude, no oratorical brilliancy or argumentative skill, but a sincere and practical friendship freely offered to the wanderer and the sufferer.

As the last man passed into the street, and the Officers of The Salvation Army were saying from their hearts that they wished they could have done twice as much, Constable No. 153 pulled on his gloves and said meditatively: "Now that was a pretty tough bunch—yes, sir. But I guess they're human, an' have feelin's, an' d'ye know, there's many a face I like among them. Tata, I'm goin' home."

As already mentioned on two occasions, this has nothing whatever to do with the story, he is only a policeman, anyhow, and this is positively his last appearance.

Personalities.

Nine Cadets were recently commissioned as Officers by Lieut.-Colonel Rees, at St. John's Nfld.

Several changes of appointment have taken place in the Eastern Province lately. Ensign Bessie Green takes charge of Sydney Mines, and Captain and Mrs. Owens take charge of Sydney, C. B.

Ensign Noseworthy, who has been on furlough, has now been appointed to Comfort Cove, Nfld.

Lieutenant Annie McLean, of the Calgary Rescue Home, has been promoted to the rank of Captain. Congratulations.

We regret to announce that Lieutenant Ethel Thompson is seriously ill at St. John. We ask the prayers of our readers for her recovery.

The Field Secretary informs us that the next farewell of Officers will take place about February 7th.

Miss Eva Gaskin, daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Gaskin, the Field Secretary, successfully passed the Senior piano examination at the Toronto University. Congratulations.

We learn that Adjutant Hudson is slightly better. He is, at present, ...ing at Halifax.

On Wednesday, January 6th, the Superintendent of the Women's Hospital, Toronto, gave a splendid dinner and social evening to about eighty emigrant women. Several Officers were present, and helped to make things pleasant and profitable for all.

It may not be generally known that Brother Allbright, of Maple Creek, Sask., first started The Army War in that little Western town. Business alone took our comrade there, but he soon grasped the opportunity of working for God. A writer says: "To-day Joe is respected in the town where he has created such a warm influence for The Army. The sentiment among the townsfolks is, 'Joe asked us, and so we'll go,' when meeting times come along."

Lippincott's Junior Hall is soon to be altered and enlarged, owing to lack of accommodation for the Young folks of North-West Toronto.

Captain Walker, of the Subscription Department, has gone on special financial work to London, Ont. He will be away several weeks.

The Hamilton Rescue Home recently sustained a slight loss by fire. Major Rawlings last week inspected the place, the damage to which was not in any way extensive.

The children's summer tent at the Hamilton Home has, at the expense of a wealthy gentleman, been converted into a splendid cosy "winter tent." The idea is a novel one, and is certainly a healthy arrangement for the little tots.

Ensign Stroud, who has been on furlough for some time, has now appointed to our Montreal Rescue Home.

Brigadier Roberts Scores Hypocrites.

Speaking in The Salvation Army Hall, Mill Street, He Censures Those Who "Wear God's Livery for the Devil's Work.

(The Evening "Times" St. John, N. B.)

THe Salvation Army Hall, in Mill Street, was filled last evening, and Mrs. Major Phillips read from Isaiah l., before Brigadier Roberts gave his address—"Fearfulness Surprising the Hypocrites."

The whole service was a memorable one to all present.

"Sinners in Zion are afraid, fearfulness hath surprised the hypocrites." —Isaiah xxxiii. 14.

Great blessings are promised to the righteous in this chapter, but "fearfulness hath surprised the hypocrites," and it is to them wo purpose referring to-night. Our reason for so doing is to endeavour by God's grace to arrest, expose and convict them of their hypocrisy.

Who, think you, is the greatest hypocrite in St. John to-day? Some might answer: "Why Satan!" It is true that he is often going about as a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour, and equally often as an angel of light, to deceive, if possible, God's true servants. But it is not of Satan we wish to speak. For he has put his spirit into human beings and has succeeded in making many as full of hypocrisy as himself.

I shall, therefore, seek to expose not Satan, but his works as manifested in the lives of men and women.

In seeking for the biggest hypocrite among men, I shall not look for him.

(1) In the street, alas, there are many servants of Satan there. Sabbath-breakers, blasphemers, gamblers, and others, and what will happen to such presently, unless they repent, it is dreadful to contemplate. But the biggest hypocrite we wish to expose to-night is not in the streets.

(2.) Neither shall we look for him in the churches. He may be there, and doubtless is, but we are not there to see, it would, therefore, be neither wise nor helpful to try and find him in the churches. If we are to expose him effectually by our words, we must be where he is, in order to have an opportunity not only of exposing him, but of convicting him.

(3.) Is he in this building to-night? Let us search and see. If he is, may God help us to find him, to expose him, and to convict him. Then, when exposed and convicted, may he repent of his hypocrisy and become converted into an honest, sincere, useful servant of Jesus Christ.

I. What is a hypocrite?

According to Pollock "He was a man who stole the livery of the court of heaven to serve the devil in."

According to another writer, a hypocrite is "one who does the devil's work in Christ's livery," and in harmony with that definition, I say that a hypocrite is a religious person who professes more with his lips, than he possesses in his heart.

There were many of these in our Lord's day, and this is what He said to them:

"Whatsoever they bid you observe that observe and do, but do not ye after their works, for they say and do not." Matt. xxiii. 3.

How possible this is for us, when urging people to go forward in the paths of righteousness farther than we ourselves have been, and yet implying by our speech that we are experiencing what we teach. Is this so? If it is, be open to conviction. Yield yourself to God, so as to do what you say, and to practice all you preach.

That, then, is one phase of hypocrisy—a religious person who professes more than he possesses.

II. Another phase of hypocrisy is a respectable person who is very zealous in many of the outward forms of religion, while he is equally determined to have nothing to do with communion with God, consecration to Christ, and live for the welfare of his fellows.

There were many of those, too, in our Lord's day, and this is what He said to them: "Woe unto you hypocrites, for ye pay tithe of mint, and anise, and cummin, and have omitted the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy, and faith. These ought ye to have done and not to leave the other undone."

Is there not a person here to whom I speak the truth when I say you would never think of spending a Sabbath without attending a place of worship, and never think of refusing to contribute of your income to further God's work, and never think of deliberately doing aught to injure His kingdom or His people, and yet you never think of giving yourself to His service to live and labour for His glory and the salvation of men.

You have a show of morality, without the power of Godliness.

You have a name to live, while in reality you are dead in sin and God must say: "Woe," to such as you, unless you are exposed in time, convicted and converted.

Such a person as the one we have described is a hypocrite, because he appears to be what he knows he is not.

May I speak to you tenderly, but faithfully? Have you ever felt the plague of your heart? The perverseness of your will? Your guilt before God? Have you repented? Been converted? Do you love God, Christ, prayer, the Bible? In a word—are you a Christian? and a Christian because you have been born again of

(Continued on page 11.)

WHAT ABOUT THE UNSAVED? Do they attend your meetings? If not, ask yourself the question: Why not? and act accordingly.

THE TERRITORIAL STAFF BAND AT LONDON AND WOODSTOCK.

Mayor Stevely, Hon. A. Beck, and Colonel White Speak Well of Army.

The visit of the Staff Band to the Forest City aroused considerable interest, as evidenced by the large crowds that attended the meetings.

Upon their arrival, they were met by Lieut.-Colonel Sharp and Staff-Captain Crichton, with the London Band, and escorted to the Citadel, where a tea had been prepared by the London comrades. There was not much time for speech-making, but Brigadier Morris was called upon to make a few remarks, and he expressed his pleasure at being able to visit the Corps he came out of, many years ago.

The musical festival in the Citadel, was presided over by Mayor Stevely, who expressed himself as being entirely in sympathy with the aims and objects of The Army and said that he did not see how any right minded person could be otherwise than friendly towards The Army.

Unfortunately, he had to leave before the conclusion of the programme, but he expressed himself as delighted with what he had heard. The Euphonium solo of Captain Pugmire and the singing of the Staff Band Male Choir especially pleased him.

Lieut.-Colonel Howell then took over the duties of chairman. Another great musical programme was rendered in the Y. M. C. A. Hall on Sunday afternoon, when the building was packed. Hon. Adam Beck was chair... of his opening ... man, and in the ... ved the remarks he said that he belie... time would come, when the work would be led on by such ... tions as The Salvat... expressed himself ... of our Emigra... al conducted ... sured Lieut.-Co... Riverdale, fr... support in that dire... th, to Sp... the meeting the Colonel refe... the work of Hon. Adam Beck in connection with the building of a Sanitarium for Consumptives, in London, which opened the way for the honourable gentleman to state his views upon the subject to the audience.

A large crowd numbering eight hundred, assembled at night, and listened with interest to an address by Lieut.-Colonel Howell. The Collections for the week-end totalled up to about $150.00.

On Monday the Band visited the Old People's Home, and gave an hour's service, much to the delight of the inmates. Proceeding then to Woodstock, they were met by Ensign Baird and the local Band, and marched to the Hall, where all had supper together. A musical service was given in the Opera House, at night. Colonel J. White presided, and highly complimented the Bandsmen upon their smart appearance and excellent playing. A splendid crowd was present, and all appeared to be delighted with the excellent programme rendered. The finances were nearly up to $[illegible].

We started Christmas Day at Heart's Delight, with fifty-two out for knee-drill. At the holiness meeting each comrade got filled with the power. At night we had a meeting for the children. A good programme was given, and all the Juniors were delighted with their presents.—J. S. S.-M.

THE WAR CRY.

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GAZETTE.

Marriages—

Captain Nimshi Cole, who came out from Elliston, February 16th, 1906, now stationed at Campbellton, Newfoundland, to Ensign Miriam Noel, out of St. John's I.; April 1, 1906, last stationed at Bonne Bay, at Campbellton, December 26, by Staff-Captain Barr.

Captain Robert Tilley, who came out from St. John's I., June 22, 1905, now stationed at Gambo; to Lieutenant Susie Pynn, out of St. John's I., November 7, 1907; last stationed at Little Bay Island; at Gambo, December 30th, by Lieut.-Colonel Rees.

Captain Phillip Woolfrey, out of Pilley's Island, June 2nd, 1904, now stationed at Garnish, to Captain Kate Pelley, out of Harbour Grace, November 18th, 1903, last stationed at Scilly Cove; by Lieut.-Colonel Rees.

THOS. B. COOMBS,
Commssioner.

HAVE YOU YET APPLIED FOR OFFICERSHIP?

In the course of a few weeks, the next session for the Training of Officers will begin at the Training College, Toronto; and, although the time is now close at hand, there is still an opportunity for the halting ones—those who have stood trembling on the brink of Officership, and feared [illegible] to send in their application the time is considered, and crying to God, that the next session, man found peace and many through-

"Here, let me have [illegible] been called take them to our [illegible] convert, important work, but owing found adversary of souls, and the influence of unsanctified friends, have held back. If you have put your hand to the plough we urge upon you to follow on, for Christ, on that memorable occasion when He said to certain persons, "Follow Me," also said that "he that putteth his hand to the plough and looketh back is not fit for the Kingdom of God." We urge upon you, then, dear readers, for your own soul's sake, to be obedient to the heavenly Voice, and follow the Lamb. Hardships and difficulties may stare you in the face, but remember that the path of duty is the way to Glory. Apply for Officership NOW.

ALL GAVE BRIGHT TESTIMONY.

Since the opening of our new Hall at Palmerston, we are getting down to business, and having good times. The watchnight service was a time when God's people re-consecrated their lives to His service, and sinners were converted.

Captain Carey gave a clear and definite statement as to the life which the service of God called for, and concluded with a powerful appeal for an immediate decision, with the result that two souls came forward for salvation, while a third found deliverance after leaving the meeting. The Officers visited these comrades the next day, and found them able to give a bright testimony, as to what God had done for them.—Sunny Jim.

Don't Drop the Substance for the Shadow.

Righteousness is eternal; worldly riches take to themselves wings and fly away.

America's Chief Secretary at the Massey Hall.

Colonel Peart, of New York, Delivers Eloquent Address—Eleven Souls at the Night Meeting.

THE meetings conducted by Colonel Peart, of New York, at the Temple and Massey Hall, last Sunday, were of an exceptionally interesting, instructive and soul-stirring character, and have been the subject of much favourable talk since.

The morning and afternoon meetings were held in the Temple, and were well attended.

The Colonel is of middle height, slight and lithesome, and when before the public, is palpitating with nervous force. There is not a moment of repose with him, nor a dull second for his auditors, who are borne along on the swift flow of his speech, from point to point, and lesson to lesson, as irresistibly as the boat is borne down the whirling rapids. His voice is not powerful, but is agreeable, and, at times hurled with dynamic force upon his hearers with thrilling effect. His delivery is rapid, often torrential. His declamatory passages increase in vehemence, until the last word, which, after a pause, is uttered in a cadence so curiously in contrast to the preceding words as to fall upon the ear with arresting effect. Demonstrative, declamatory, and pleasing in appearance, his manner makes his message most acceptable and impressive.

When the jealous rivals of Demosthenes said that his orations smelt of oil, the great Athenian orator retorted that it was plain their's did not cost them much trouble. This cannot be said of the Colonel's addresses, for not only did they show careful preparation, but they also exhibited much spiritual insight; with great powers of observation and imagination. He has a wealth of vivid picturesque language, and a capacity for quoting passages of Scripture, that shows a most intimate knowledge of the Word of God. His addresses were models of arrangement, clearness and point—admirable vehicles for conveying spiritual admonition and encouragement to saint and sinner.

In the morning he based his address on the words "Follow Me," and laid it down that this injunction called for counting the cost, prompt obedience, and non-reservation, and confidence in the leader, or one who was followed.

A study of the characters who declared they would follow the Master, was particularly illuminating. One, a certain self-seeking man, impulsively declared that he would follow the Lord "whithersoever Thou goest." But when Christ told him that foxes had holes, the birds of the air had nests, but the Son of Man had nowhere to lay His head, he disappeared from human ken.

The next said "Lord, I will follow Thee, but let me first go bid them farewell, which are at home at my house." Here was reservation, and a lack of prompt obedience, which resulted in that person disappearing for ever, while those who fulfilled the conditions that following Christ called for, have been handed down the page of sacred history for all men to honour.

The characterisation was very fine and in a stirring peroration, the Colonel called upon Paul to tell us what the results of following Christ were, and a thrill passed through the crowd as the Colonel declaimed that sublime and exultant passage, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness," there is no doubt that many were stirred up to follow Christ more fully and confidently.

In the afternoon an equally stirring address was delivered.

The crowd at the night meeting in the Massey Hall, evidently inspired the Colonel, and we had another great address.

A number of the Headquarters' Staff, with the Provincial Officer, Brigadier Taylor, supported the Colonel, who had also brought with him from New York, a comrade well known in Toronto, Brigadier Stanger, whose singing and assistance in the prayer meetings were very much appreciated.

Lieut.-Colonel Gaskin piloted the night's meeting, the music being furnished by the Riverdale Band, which acquitted itself well. An instrumental quartette by four of the Danger Street Bandsmen, was very much appreciated. The Temple Songsters sang.

Colonel Peart based his remarks on the words "This Man receiveth sinners," and, in a graphic and convincing manner, held this to be the greatest manifestation of Divine power in the universe, drawing apt illustrations from the forces and beauties of nature, and in a most impressive manner declared the gospel of salvation from sin. In the prayer meeting that followed, eleven souls came to Christ, and were received by Him.

It was a great day for the Temple Corps.

Angelic anthems are audible only to ears attentive to earth's duties.

The most glorious crowns have been found in service at a cradle.

Headquarters Notes

The Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs are once again on the wing. This time they have gone to Ottawa, where Mrs. Coombs will transact some very important business in connection with our very useful Women's Social Work in the city. The Commissioner, in company with Lieut.-Colonel Howell, will visit that palatial pile on Parliament Hill, and confer with the Government officials or the work of The Army. We wish them great success.

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The Commissioner has decided to do a tour in West Ontario, and will visit the following places: Ingersoll, Saturday, January 23rd; Ingersoll, Sunday, Jan. 24th (morning and afternoon); Woodstock, Sunday, Jan. 24th, (night); Sarnia, Monday, Jan. 25th; Dresden, Tuesday, Jan. 26th; Blenheim, Wednesday, Jan. 27th (afternoon;; Ridgetown, Wednesday, January 27th (night); Leamington, Thursday, Jan. 28th; Essex, Friday, Jan .29th (afternoon); Kingsville, Friday, Jan. 29th (night.) Wonderful times are expected, and we are sure that tthe Officers, Soldiers and friends of The Army, in these parts, will give the Commissioner a good welcome.

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The Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs met all the Officers of the Women's Social Department, Toronto, in the Bloor Street Hospital, on Friday, January 9th. A splendid evening Council was held, much inspiration and practical help being given in the addresses of both our Leaders.

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Brigadier Collier has received his new appointment. He goes as Provincial Secretary to the Eastern Province. The Brigadier is no stranger to the East, and we are sure they will extend a hearty welcome to the Provincial Secretary, and that his buoyant enthusiasm and go, will meet with an invigorating response from the lively people of the East.

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Major Phillips comes to Territorial Headquarters. He will assist Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire in the many and important branches of The Salvation Army work of which the Colonel has the oversight. We shall be very glad to welcome the Major back to Headquarters. He has done well on the Field, and we are sure both he and Mrs. Phillips will have a happy and useful time at Headquarters. Welcome to the Hub, Major.

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By the way, we are very sorry to say that Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire has been far from well during the last few days. His nerves have been troubling him. To hear his good-humoured laugh, and to witness his raven locks, you wouldn't think he had got "nerves," but how little we know each other.

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We were pleased to see our old friend, Brigadier Stanyon around T. H. Q. recently. He accompanied Colonel Peart on his visit to Canada, and took part in the meetings.

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Owing to the farewell of Staff-Captain Arnold from the Territorial Headquarters several changes have taken place in the Financial Department. Upon Adjutant Stobbs falls the honour of being Cashier, and we congratulate her upon her appointment. She has proved a capable and devoted Officer, and will, no doubt, prove equal to the heavy responsibilities that will be hers.

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Staff-Captain Cave, of Territorial Headquarters, is under farewell orders; where, and his next appointment will be made known at an early date. In connection with the special branch of the Immigration Department for which he has been responsible, he has done splendid work. He will leave his section in such a condition that the rather complex affairs connected with it can be handled with the greatest facility. We understand that on his departure, a general re-arrangement of the Immigration Department will take place.

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Salutes to Staff-Captain White. The promotion of this dear comrade, on account of the success of the subscribers' work, has been richly deserved. His duties are of a very arduous and difficult character, but in spite of the financial depression which has been so prevalent in the country during the past year, his report shows splendid success. Hearty congratulations to the Staff-Captain, and those associated with him.

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Captain Wheeler, of the Subscribers' Department, is to have a change of work. The Commissioner has arranged a new plan for the assistance of the Women's Rescue Operations, and the Captain will be entrusted with the carrying of it out. We wish her every success.

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From all over the country come letters relating to the Christmas Cry; ninety-five per cent. of which declare it to be "the best yet." This is gratifying to all concerned, and we understand that the Editor and the Printing Department are laying themselves out to make the Easter Special Number another record-breaker. It will be dated April 10th, the same date as that on which The General will (D.V.) celebrate his 80th birthday. The next special number will, therefore, partake of a Special Birthday Number, and promises to be a magnificent production.

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The American Chief Secretary has visited Toronto, and the Canadian Chief Secretary has visited New York. Colonel Mapp, as mentioned last week, had conferences with Commissioner Higgins, who has just left the side of the dear General, and we are happy to say that the Commissioner brought the best of news concerning The General's health and the recovery of his eyesight. For this, God be praised. The Chief of the Staff, also, in spite of the tremendous responsibilities that devolve upon him, is also in fine form, while the Foreign Secretary has still the most pleasant recollections of his visit to us, and has the liveliest interest in Canada. Hallelujah!

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We were all, of course, delighted to see Colonel Peart. His long connection with the Headquarters of such important commands as Australia and the United States, has made him one of the world figures, and he worthily maintains the best traditions that hover around the great position of a Chief Secretaryship. We understand that he was greatly gratified with the position of The Army in Toronto, and experienced very much pleasure in again meeting Commissioner Coombs, with whom he had such pleasant associations in Australia. We understand, however, that elsewhere in this issue, a report of the Colonel's meetings and his impressions are to be found. We may say, though, that the Colonel's meetings were greatly enjoyed, that he has left a distinctly good feeling behind, and will be a welcome visitor to Toronto in the future.

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Colonel Mapp is a great traveller. India's palm-dotted plains, and Europe's Alpine peaks are familiar to him; Ceylon's golden sunshine, England's November Fogs, and Canada's illimitable prairies—he knows them all. And now he has craned his neck until he has witnessed the topmost tier of windows in New York's Gridiron sky-scrapers.

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The Colonel's visit to New York has been a very enjoyable one to him. He has discussed, on behalf of the Commissioner, a number of very important matters with the Assistant Foreign Secretary, which has resulted in immediate special despatches being sent to the International Headquarters, concerning measures of vital interest to The Army in this country, and he has had a long talk with Commander Miss Booth, whose name is treasured in many a Canadian home. The Commander has still a warm place in her memory for Canada and Canadians, and sends her best love, and lots of it, to us on this side of the border.

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Colonel Mapp visited a number of the Social Institutions, spent a Sunday at Kingston, with Lieut.-Colonel Damon and the Staff Band, explored New York City, and was mightily and favourably impressed with most of what he saw. The Social Institutions especially impressed the Chief Secretary with the practical Christianity and permanent spiritual work that attend their operations; while he has nothing but the highest praise for the musical efficiency and Salvation spirit of the Staff Band. That drummer excited the admiration of Canada's Chief Secretary. He is a Russian by nationality, speaks ever so many languages, and surrounds himself with a big drum, a side drum, triangle, cymbals, bells, and about half a dozen other things, on which he makes wonderfully melody at the proper moment. The Colonel had a great time and thoroughly enjoyed himself amongst New Yorkers, and is deeply grateful for the kindness shown him.

THE COMMISSIONER
IN LIEUT.-COL. SHARP'S DOMAIN.

STRATFORD is a Divisional centre, Staff-Captain Hay having the oversight, while Adjutant Knight has the honour of commanding the Corps, which boasts of a Soldiership of over one hundred.

The Daily "Herald" gives the following account of the meeting:—

The counter attraction of a municipal election night was not conducive to a large attendance at Theatre Albert last night, when the wonderful illustrated service, "From Bethlehem to Calvary," was conducted by Commissioner Thomas B. Coombs, of The Salvation Army. The service was really a very meritorious one, and in its way a most novel one. Commissioner Coombs, who is a speaker with wonderful personal magnetism, and an earnest, gentle and persuasive manner, was ably assisted by Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire and Staff-Captain Morris.

The service treats graphically of the whole life of Jesus Christ while on earth, from His nativity in Bethlehem to His death on the cross of Calvary. The production is given by moving pictures, accompanied by an explanatory recitative lecture by the Commissioner, while singing and music are brought in at appropriate occasions. Thus is presented in a most graphic and appealing way the story of Christ's work on earth.

The service ended with the evangelistic appeal, "All the Way to Calvary I Went for Thee; What Wilt Thou Do for Me?"

Berlin.

The same service was given in the Opera House, and made a profound impression upon the audience which gathered.

Berlin is a growing place, and boasts of about thirteen thousand population.

Our Leader was kindly entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Lang.—J. S. P.

ADVANCED TRAINING SECRETARY AT RIVERDALE.

Brigadier Southall conducted special meetings at **Riverdale**, from Thursday, January 7th to Sunday, January 11th. The subject, "The Dance of Salome," drew a good crowd on Thursday evening. On Saturday night, after a splendid address by the Brigadier, four souls sought salvation, two being Juniors, one of whom said her father was a drunkard, her mother was in the hospital, and she, herself, had come forward to ask God for strength to be good and endure the hardship.

The holiness meeting talk was full of inspiration and power. The Brigadier was at his best, and people said so. "Midnight on the Thames Embankment" was the afternoon subject which proved of great interest. At night Mrs. Southall ably assisted, and four more souls sought salvation.

J. S.-M. PRUDEN FAREWELLS.

We are doing well at Selkirk, under the leadership of Captains Hardy and Plester. Major and Mrs. Plant visited us on the 5th and 7th, and everybody enjoyed their meetings.

Our Christmas Tree went off well. A good programme was given, and Dr. Gibbs was chairman. On the eve of our watchnight service two backsliders returned to the fold. We had a blessed time at the watchnight. On New Year's night the Soldiers got up a farewell tea for our J. S.-M.—Arthur Pruden, who is going to Montreal to enter the Social Work, under Major Taylor. We will miss him very much, especially the Juniors.—J. W. P.

The Week-End's Despatches.

More Encouraging News in These Reports

Drunkards and Other Beginners Have Started the New Year with the Grace of God in Their Hearts.

DO ALL YOU CAN TO GET OTHERS TO DO THE SAME.

VISITING BANDSMEN ASSIST.

Seasons of Great Blessing.

Christmas and New Year's meetings held in Galt were seasons of great spiritual blessing to us all, being conducted by our Officers, Adjutant and Mrs. Walker. The watch-night service was very largely attended, after which we had a good midnight march, the Band being in full swing. As we marched by the saloons the crowds cheered us by clapping their hands.

Monday, the 28th December, was the Junior's Christmas Tree. The Hall was very beautifully decorated for the occasion, by the J. S. Workers. Dr. Charlton was in the chair. The Hall was crowded to the doors. After the programme the children were presented with their prizes. The following Sunday, Bandsmen Alex. McQueen, of Toronto; T. Brett, of Stratford; Rowen, of Brantford, and Brother Goldie, of Ayr, assisted in the week-end meetings.

We sold 1,200 Christmas War Crys. Readers were also very pleased with them. This is the largest number ever sold at Christmas. Adjutant and Mrs. Walker have certainly worked very hard, and glorious meetings are being held.—Geo. [illegible], Corps Cor.

TWELVE NEW VOWS.

converts are having good meetings at Bothwell. Our watchnight service, preceded by a pic-nic tea, was enjoyed by all. At the close twelve renewed their vows to God. Then we marched around two blocks. We are in for victory this New Year.

Staff-Captain Crichton, our worthy D. O., gave us a surprise on Saturday night. We were glad to see him. The meetings on Sunday were helpful, and much conviction was felt.—F. H. J.

BLESSED THE WAITING ONES.

The Christmas series of special meetings at Barrie, were conducted by Ensign Hancock, assisted by Brother Church, of Berlin, and were times of power and blessing. At the watchnight service God came near and blessed our waiting souls.

On Sunday night the Ensign spoke on "Buy and Eat," and great power rested on the word. Brother Church sang very feelingly, that beautiful song, "Weary one."—A. D. Mirer.

FINANCIAL SECRETARY VISITS YORKVILLE.

Brigadier Potter recently conducted a series of meetings at Yorkville. One soul came to the mercy seat on Saturday, and returned to give God the glory on Sunday. On Sunday night one more soul surrendered, and was present on Monday to testify for God. The crowds were extra good and the finances increased.

ILLUMINATED TABLEAU.

Adjutant Sheard recently visited Peterborough, and piloted us out of the Old Year into the New, with music and song. We had a grand time during Christmas week. One of the features of our programme was a tableau entitled, "Rock of Ages," illuminated by coloured lights. Brothers Savage and Hodge did good work by decorating the Hall, while Brothers Shadgeth and Trew contrived an automobile for Santa Claus.

On the first Sunday in the New Year, we rejoiced to see two souls kneeling at the mercy seat.—C. Harrison, for Staff-Captain Walton.

IN MEMORY OF A LOVED OFFICER.

We are still pushing the war in North Sydney, Ensign and Mrs. Wadge are making things boom. Beautiful crowds attend our meetings. On Sunday night we held a memorial service for Mrs. Ensign Hamilton, who, but a few months, laboured amongst us, and now is in the Gloryland. Many spoke of her beautiful life while in North Sydney. Sorrow filled many hearts when we heard of her death, for we had all learnt to love her. The memorial meeting was very impressive, and three souls came to the cross.

SHIPWRECKED IN NORWAY.

We had some real blessed times at Saskatoon of late. Major and Mrs. Plant visited us, and the Major gave his experience of being shipwrecked on the coast of Norway. The meeting was enlivened with music and song. Mrs. Plant gave a recitation, entitled, "If."

At the watchnight service four souls knelt at the mercy seat. A big musical meeting was given on January 1st. On Sunday Captains Jones and Williams conducted the meetings. Four souls surrendered.—H. Moon.

ONLY THE CORNET ESCAPED.

On the last night of the old year, we had a good time at Midland. We had two meetings, one at 8 p.m., and the other at 10.30 p.m. A nice crowd attended. A little after midnight we had a march. The Band tried to play, but all the instruments froze up but one cornet.

On January 2nd four Soldiers from Coldwater came to visit us. We had a beautiful time and three souls were saved—two being Juniors.—C. C. Fred Shaw.

Things are looking bright now at Charlottetown, Nfld. During the last two weeks eight souls have knelt at the Cross. Captain Matthews is farewelling, after spending sixteen months with us.

BIBLE READINGS AND SOLOS.

The People Appreciated Both.

Although it is some time since we have reported from Sydney, we are still pushing ahead. Captain and Mrs. Owen, who are now in charge, are getting along very well. The Captain's Bible readings bring great blessings to all. Mrs. Owen has also brought some new solos along with her, which we all enjoy. Our meetings have been times of blessing, and much conviction has been felt. Two men have lately volunteered for salvation.

New Year's Eve was celebrated in fine style here, the sisters having prepared a splendid supper and concert. Quite a crowd gathered to partake of the good things provided, both for body and mind. Much credit is due to our sisters for their success. The programme for the concert consisted of vocal and instrumental selections, with several recitations, all rendered by kind friends, our comrades taking a rest. Quite a sum of money was realised, which will go towards paying the heavy expenses of the Corps.

A march and midnight service were also held, ending the old year, and starting the new, all praising God for His goodness.—W. G. D.

TWO MEDICINE MEN FAREWELL.

Seasons of refreshing at St. John's. The Lord is blessing the labours of Ensign and Mrs. Coy, and souls are being saved. The past week-end resulted in six, and four more thus far this week, eight for salvation and two for sanctification. To God be all the glory, and we are looking for greater things.

This (Friday) evening, is to be a united gathering, a farewell to Brigadier Roberts, who has completed his labours in this part of the battlefield, and whose memory will be precious to many souls. It will also be the farewell of Captain Waite, of P. H. Q., whom we much regret is to leave us for Montreal. His Christian character and sunny disposition, have made him a host of friends, who will keenly miss him.

The descriptive verse, "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine," might well be applied to him.

Changes seem coming this way just now, but we trust they are all to further God's kingdom.—E. J. L.

GOOD SOUL-SAVING WORK.

Charlottetown is still to the fore in soul-saving. Last Sunday night three sisters came out, while to-night there were three brothers. Mrs. Bowering assisted by Captain Smith, has been valiantly leading, Adjutant Bowering being temporarily laid aside, the result of a fall while decorating.

Our Christmas concert was a fine success, the "best yet," and everybody delighted. See report in Y. S. Sister Sara Chandler is convalescent, after a critical illness.—H.

Petrolea.—We are having good times here. Ensign Banks not being well, Mrs. Captain Boynton took charge of the meetings on Sunday.

In the afternoon, five comrades were enrolled under the Flag. At night Mrs. Boynton gave a very impressive talk, and at the close, two souls yielded.—L. M. K.

A MIDNIGHT OPEN-AIR.

Brigadier Morehen Conducts Memorial Service.

Halifax II.—Ensign Hamilton and Captain Morton, and a number of Soldiers and converts, conducted a midnight open-air on Water Street, on New Year's Eve. The drunks of all kinds flocked around in good shape, while the grand old song, was sung, "His blood can make the vilest clean." The testimonies of His power to save took hold of the crowd. As we marched back to the Hall a number followed. At the close of watchnight, a number came forward.

The crowds are good and the outlook bright for greater victories.

Brigadier and Mrs. Morehen conducted special meetings on Sunday, January 3rd. The Brigadier's addresses were stirring. The night service was the memorial service of our dear Leader, the late Mrs. Ensign Hamilton. Staff-Capt. Jennings and Captains Gamble and Martin assisted. The meeting was very impressive. After Ensign Hamilton spoke of his dear wife the prayers were in tears. At the close six souls came forward for salvation.

BANDSMEN GO IN FOR REVIVAL.

They Help the Corps in a Good Many Ways.

For some weeks we have been looking forward with great expectation to the Band revival week at Lippincott. Major Rawling happened to come along at the right time, and he conducted our Sunday meetings with good success.

On Monday the great Revival Campaign of the Band commenced. The Band did well. They were out every night, and had full charge from Monday to Sunday night. A programme was mapped out, and each member did their part, so that no one man had the leading of the Campaign. A most blessed spirit prevailed from the beginning and a good work was done, several souls being saved. The Bandsmen were greatly helped spiritually, and the meetings have been a great help to the Corps. Very little was said about money, but the meetings proved of great financial assistance to the Corps.

The Band has purchased a new Trombone, also pouches. We sold 1,050 Christmas War Crys, which reflects great credit on the Publication Sergeant-Major, and the Soldiers who helped to sell them. Now we are raising $200.00 for the enlarging of the Young People's Hall.—H. C. Newdall.

A GRAND WATCHNIGHT.

We had a grand time at our watchnight service, at Rossland. God's Spirit prevailed, and we consecrated our lives to him afresh on New Year's night. Our beloved Officers, Ensign Pickle and Captain Cook, had prepared for us a grand supper, at which nearly all the Soldiers were present. After the tables were set aside, J. S.-M. Willis was placed in the chair, as master of ceremonies, and we went in to have a good time, finishing up at 10 p.m., feeling it was good to have been there.

We are more united than ever, and with stronger vows to go on and win souls for the Kingdom, we will win.

MADE A WINDMILL,

And Manufactured Presents Out of Rubbish,

Since the arrival of Adjutant and Mrs. Knight in our midst, at Stratford, things have certainly been on the upgrade. They have long since endeared themselves to everyone with whom they have come in contact.

Our Christmas Entertainment went off first-rate. We had Brother Holmes (our late Bandmaster) now of Brantford, with us for nearly three weeks, he did a great deal towards making things lively, during the time he was with us. Our comrade, who was, and is now very highly respected in the city, with the co-operation of Adjutant and Mrs. Knight, constructed a wind-mill, and when Bro. Holmes, in the guise of Santa Claus, come trotting down the Hall, and emptied his sack of rubbish on the platform, the children certainly screamed, and then Santa Claus started shovelling the rubbish into the hopper at the side of the windmill, and when the presents came gliding down the chute at the other side, the majority of the children really thought that the presents were being manufactured, and there was great fun while the presents were being distributed.

Sister Olive Smith should be highly commended for the interest she took in training the children in the marches, drills, dialogues, etc.

We had our beloved Leader, Commissioner Coombs, with us on Monday last, January 4th, with his service "From Bethlehem to Calvary," which was very much enjoyed by all, and many were brought to tears as a result of the scenes depicted on the canvas.—J. D.

HE GOT A VICTORY,

The First Time For Years That He Had Not Touched Drink.

The watchnight service at North Bay was well attended and resulted in a number coming forward for consecration. In the previous meeting a poor old man came forward and sought salvation, and has testified since that New Year was the first time for a long time that he had not touched strong drink on that day.

We celebrated the commencement of the New Year with a march through the main streets of North Bay.

We had a grand meeting in the Jail on Sunday morning, when three men stood up to signify that they were going to accept Christ.

With the Blood and Fire Soldiers we have, and their renewed consecration to the War, we are bound to have victory.

We had Major Creighton and five other Officers, here on Thursday, when there was a general fusilade, and the enemy retired in utter route. We are going in for short-range engagements, namely, cottage meetings, and we are praying for the Holy Spirit's blessing and power.

We regret to report that Bandmaster Ivott has farewelled from Huntsville and has gone to Toronto. He will be greatly missed here.

On January 3rd, Captain Crossman, who was assisting Ensign Charlton, farewelled for Orillia. The farewell meeting was one of power and one backslider returned to the fold. Lieutenant Jones has come to assist.—M. Langridge.

THIS is your last opportunity of voting for the Tea-Table Story you like the best. The competition closes on January 25th, so vote now. Remember that the story that gains the most votes will win ten dollars for the writer. If you have not voted, DO IT AT ONCE!

Distinguished Visitors.

(Continued from page 8.)

hard wood. There are small Halls as well as the main auditoriums; upstairs are roomy, nicely furnished Quarters, which are much appreciated by, and of substantial inspiration to our Officers, and never in connection with these big financial burdens, did the Colonel ever borrow a dollar from Headquarters.

2. As a successful financier, Colonel McIntyre has an enviable reputation, based upon the magic word "system." In all his Officers' Councils, talks were given upon systematic soliciting, annual and semi-annual subscriptions, etc.

In the different Corps, Helpers' Leagues were started, resulting in increased incomes, linked with decreased begging in meetings.

3. Special attention was paid to the Junior War. In many Corps Sunday afternoon is devoted entirely to the Young People, the older folks, including the Band, being gathered into Bible classes. For ten minutes before the close of the session, a class, or one member of it, gives a recitation, sings a bright song or otherwise entertains in an instructive way the entire roomful. Providing systematic Sunday teaching for his children is one of the surest ways to bind the best of our converts to The Army.

The Colonel is now Provincial Officer in the United States. He has in his Province, 89 Corps, 9 Outposts, 277 Officers, and a total population of about ten million people.

MR. GEORGE HERRING'S BEQUEST.

The Army to Receive the Full Amount.

It will be remembered that the late Mr. George Herring, shortly before his death, concluded arrangements with The General, for whom he entertained a high personal regard, for a Home Colonisation Scheme on an extensive scale, the special object being a transfer to the land of agricultural labourers who had drifted into large industrial centres, and were in danger of being totally alienated from the soil, to which they were eager to return.

Mr. Herring set aside a sum of £100,000 for the carrying out of this Scheme, and operations had already commenced when he died. A large farm was purchased, divided into allotments, cottages were erected, and the first colonists were installed.

By codicils to his will, Mr. Herring directed that the original Scheme should be caried out; but the trustees of the King's Hospital Fund, to whom the capital sum was ultimately to revert, claimed that the will was not clear, and that in any case they should be represented in the administration of the Money.

The General was to receive a first instalment of £40,000, and if the Scheme were successful, the remaining $60,000 to complete the transaction was to be paid over to him.

The case was taken to the Chancery Division of the High Court, before Mr. Justice Joyce, who took occasion to express his regret that any litigation in a matter of this sort should be necessary.

He decided in The Army's favour, and directed a scheme to be settled, the £40,000 to be paid to The Salvation Army, and £60,000 to be paid into Court, with liberty to apply for it.

The Army has, therefore, succeeded in a case of much public interest, and the Colonisation Scheme, which has been in abeyance, will now be proceeded with.

The Army was represented by Mr. Hughes, K. C., and Mr. Sargant.

BRIGADIER AND MRS. ADBY AT LISGAR STREET.

Two Weeks Campaign Results in Extraordinary Crowds, and Over a Score of Souls at the Mercy Seat.

The visit of Brigadier and Mrs. Adby to Lisgar Street, created quite a deal of interest. At the reception on the first night, Ensign Trickey and several Local Officers spoke warm words of welcome. The Brigadier and his wife walked right into the hearts of the people, and settled down to a two weeks' soul-saving campaign. As the meetings continued crowds increased, and there was not a dull night.

On New Year's Eve, at the watch-night service, an excellent crowd was present, and several came out for consecration and salvation. On New Year's night a very special case of conversion took place. A gentleman who had lost a lot of money and his position through drink, got gloriously saved, and is now an ardent worker in the Corps.

On the last Sunday night, five came out boldly for pardon, and on the Monday night at the finish, the Brigadier gave his parting words before taking up his campaign at the Temple.

During the Brigadier's stay the Y. P. L. was organized, some re-arrangements made in the Young People's Work, and a general advance made in every part of the Corps. This campaign has been a great impetus and the effects of the visit will be far reaching.

Many kind friends contributed in the special envelopes toward the expenses. Over a score of souls came forward.

The Brigadier, with Mrs. Adby, soon goes away west. We all say God speed you.—Campaigner.

We have just welcomed into our midst at Tillsonburg, our new Officers, Captain Davis and Lieutenant Kinkade, who led us on during the week-end, when God came very near, and we finished up with one precious soul. We are looking forward for a good time this winter, by the help of God.—Devil-driver.

Lieutenant Warren recently visited Norman's Cove. He came to conduct the first meeting in our new Barracks, and we all enjoyed the [illegible] Twenty-three souls came to [illegible] give God the glory.—One Inn.

Brigadier Roberts Scores Hypocrites

(Continued from page 7.)

the Spirit? If your reply is "No," then permit me to tell you the truth. I do it with love to yourself, I speak entirely on God's behalf, and say: If you are not the greatest—you are one of the greatest hypocrites in St. John.

And why? Because you are in the House of God—contributing to the work of God. Taking part in the service of God, which all imply that you are one of the children of God—and yet you are not! Some people think you are a very exemplary Christian, because of your appearance. You appear to be what you really are not, and that is the very essence of hypocrisy.

Now, let me show you how very foolish, as well as wicked it is, to remain in this hypocrisy.

1. You are missing the end of your being. You were not born to be a hypocrite. You were born to be a Christian—a soldier and servant of Jesus Christ.

Why not, then, shoulder your responsibility, rise up to your privileges, cast away your hypocrisy, and resolve by God's grace to be a Christian indeed?

2. You are losing your truest life. You cannot be truly happy as you [illegible] and you never will be. The longer you live the farther you'll be from real happiness. "The hypocrite's hope shall perish," and "the joy of the hypocrite is but for a moment."

[illegible] You are rejecting the highest form of strength. "A hypocrite with his mouth destroyeth his neighbour," and so he does by his life. But Christ is made of God unto us wisdom, and "the wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy."

See, then, how useful those become who are delivered from hypocrisy and filled with sincerity.

A passenger came from England on the same boat as myself last September. She came out to seek pleasure, happiness and wealth. But in one of our first meetings she was not only present, but decided to become a Christian. Since then she has become enrolled as a Soldier in The Salvation Army, and now writes me to say that she has offered her services to God and The Army as an Officer and as she is a trained hospital nurse, she will, doubtless, become of great service in our social work among the poor. "I feel," she says, "that life now will be worth living, when every minute is spent in His service."

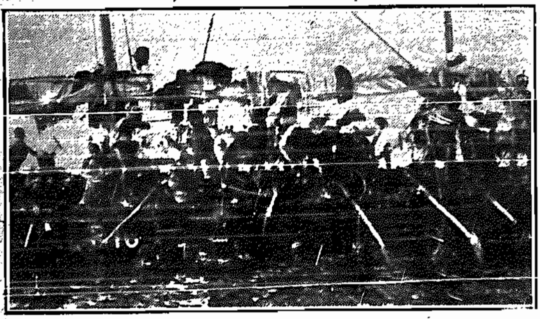
[illegible] Renounce your hypocrisy, and every other evil tonight. Ask God to pardon all the past, and He will, and you will go home a sincere and happy man, woman or child because you will be in your heart what you appear to be in your life, and the God of heaven will be your friend, both here and in paradise, world without end.

We are getting on well in Wychwood, under the leadership of Captain Brace and Lieutenant Cooper.

We had Brigadier Collier and Adjutant [illegible], and the largest meetings [illegible] Four souls came to [illegible] for sanctification and [illegible] for salvation.—Corps Cadet J.

Searching for the Pearl.

Where These Jewels are Found, and How They are Obtained.



Wonderful Swimmers These Arabs Are, Recklessly Daring; and With Incredible Powers of Endurance.

THE pearl holds a high place among precious stones, and one reason for this, perhaps, is because it is the woman's jewel.

There was a time when diamonds were not known, when the ruby was but a blackish stone and gave no hint of the blood and fire within it, but there has never been a time since history was, when pearls were not considered things of price. So far back was their value recognised that men—who left the scant record of their lives carven on the shinbones of reindeer—bored them with sharp slivers of bone, strung them on a shred of fish-skin and called them white bones—and exchanged them for what pleased them better.

Where Pearls Are Found.

Away to the East, on the island[illegible], Ceylon, a ragged little brown [illegible], rank with the smell of the Gulf of [illegible] sits dipping its feet [illegible] the oldest bar[illegible] Manaar. It is Ari[illegible], and the most [illegible] for them in ex[illegible]tering place [illegible] tradition tells that Cleo[illegible] famous pearls were brought from [illegible]; and it is still the largest and most important pearl market in the world. For Oriental pearls, you will understand; for there are pearls and pearls—Oriental (the most valuable) and freshwater, Madras and Panama. The most perfect pearl known is La Pellegrina. It weighs 112 grains, is perfectly round, and so lustrous that it appears transparent.

A Pearl Fishing Expedition.

Upon a time, before the British investment of the Island in 1847, the Kings of Kandy, in their cheerful native fashion, did their best to ruin the oyster-beds; but since then the fisheries have been under government supervision, and science, with its magical preservative measures, has come to the aid of the oysters. It was high time; for, while formerly the oysters were abundant enough to provide good fishing every two years, now, so depleted had the beds become through unsystematic fishing, it is only every three or four years that sufficient returns to make the fishing pay can be counted on.

It is a quaint and curious sight, one of these pearl-fishing expeditions. The search for the treasure of earth and sea has led men into strange corners of the world, but into no place stranger than that ancient, dirty little village that basks in the the Gulf, off the north-western coast of the island, are the paars, or beds, the oysters' breeding-grounds. Flats they are in reality; long plateaux of rock, shelving out from the island, and covered with anywhere from five to fifty fathoms of green water. The shells usually live in narrow channels between groups of islands, where the current is swift and the bottom hard; and these paars are ideal places for them. The Periya Paar is perhaps the most celebrated pearl-ground in the world, but it is peculiarly exposed to the danger of the monsoon. More than once it has been swept clean by the fierce tides of all save a pitiful few of its toughest and most firmly clinging shells.

The Pearl Fleet Starts.

When it is decided by government inspectors that the paars are in condition, official notice is sent out that a certain paar will be fished on a date usually about two weeks ahead. Forthwith, the drowsy village wakes to life. From all the East come merchants, hawk-eyed and swarthy—Hindoo, Arabian, Egyptian; buyers for the great princes of India, who will have the best that gold can purchase; small traders buying for themselves. From the West come agents of the great jewellers of Bond Street and Fifth Avenue, getting their firms' supplies at first hand, meeting the craft and guile of the East with cool-headed assurance: wealthy private collectors, with an eye for freak, as well as first-water gems; and tourists, who are in everybody's way. And from East and West also come men to sell as well as to buy—peddlers, native jewellers, artificers in wood and stone, bazaar-keepers, shrewd-faced Yankees, stumbling into this remote village, with cheap gimcracks that are displayed side by side with the marvels of oriental handiwork.

Somewhere around midnight the fleet gets under way, in dire and shrieking confusion, which the government boats make gallant and perfectly hopeless attempts to quell. But for all the mad excitement, surprisingly few casualties occur.

The Divers.

When the pearling grounds are reached, the divers commence operations. Running catlike out on the springboards that reach out from the sides of the boats, they go over with a splash. A young Arab pushes through the crowd to the boat's rail, a lithe, clean-limbed fellow, powerfully built, and taller by half a head than most of his mates. He leaps to the rail and poises there, a living statue of bronze, his splendid body shining with the grease with which these divers coat themselves before entering the water, gathering itself for its spring. He carries the inevitable bags, but he needs no weights to sink him, nor does he wear a rope. A flash, and down he goes, head first, graceful as a panther, straight as a die, without a splash, and swims to the bottom. Wonderful swimmers these Arabs are, recklessly daring, and with incredible powers of endurance, but their worth is seriously discounted by their intractability and hatred of discipline. And in this connection it is a curious fact that when under water men will invariably become irritable and extremely bad tempered.

All through the morning the work goes on. Men disappear in the green depths, and reappear, clambering, dripping up, the ladders that swing over the boats' sides; and always, with astonishing rapidity, the piles of shells grow larger. Sharp at noon the superintendent's boat whistles; the last diver is pulled up; dingy sails are spread, and the fleet starts for home.

A Popular Theory Disproved.

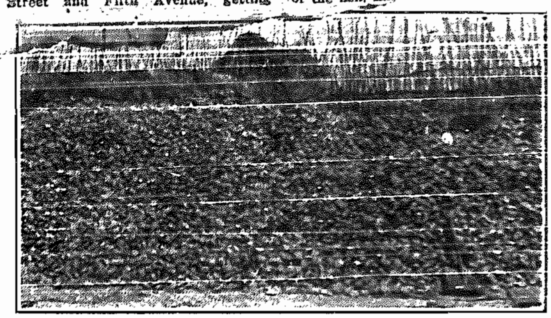
When the pearls are taken from the dead fish, they are first sorted according to size. This is done by passing them through a set of ten small brass sieves, called baskets, with meshes of varying sizes.

Popular belief long held that the nucleus of the pearl was a grain of sand, or some [illegible] foreign body, that got wedged into the oyster's shell, and, if the inmate were unable to expel it, gradually became coated with the milky, lime-like [illegible] of the fish. Lately [illegible] has turned its merciless searchlight on this theory, and, as with many others of our old-time, tenderly cherished notions, has rudely disproved it. Even more humble than a grain of sand is the pearl's origin—a lowly parasite that dies within the shell, and is entombed in its wonderful sarcophagus. Out of several hundred pearls decalcified with intent to probe their inner mystery, not more than three or four revealed any other core than the remains of these tiny worms; and in the white as well as the black shells, in coloured pearls as well as orientals, this has been found to be the case.

In conclusion, we might point out that the kingdom of heaven was likened by Christ to a merchant seeking goodly pearls. When he had found one of great price, he went and sold all that he had and bought it.

No great truth is treasured save by telling it.

I'M not much use, I'm so nervous; I can't speak six words in public; can't sing a note, nor play any kind of instrument; I can't do much in the way of soul-saving. Yes, you can! You can bring unconverted friends to the meetings for others to convert.



Oysters in Their Tens of Millions Yield up Their Sluggish Spark of Life.

Promoted to Glory.

PUBLICATION SERGEANT MRS. BROWN, OF KINGSTON.

We deeply regret to report the promotion to Glory of War Cry Sergeant Mrs. Brown, of Kingston. So often we are called to stand at the death-beds of those who have fought side by side with us, and this has been the case with Band Secretary and Mrs. Mayell, who, after watching and waiting, and doing all that loving hands could do, saw the relentless hand of death feeling for the cord of life, until their darling mother, who had given many long years of service to God and The Salvation Army, passed away to the home above.

Her life was a pleasure to come in touch with, inasmuch as she would bless you and inspire you. Those who visited her in her last moments were led to consecrate themselves afresh to God, and promise to meet her in Heaven. Her life was lived for God and His glory.

As the funeral march slowly made its way through the main street of the city, headed by the Silver Band, many were led to think of the time when before Him shall be gathered all nations "to give an account of the life lived in this world."

Our comrades have the prayers and sympathies of all their comrades in this, their hour of trial.—W. E. Parsons, Adjutant.

BROTHER ELI ROW, OF CHANCE COVE.

Chance Cove has [illegible] by the death of a [illegible] loved [illegible] Row, has gone to heaven [illegible] a beautiful te[illegible] many [illegible] saving and keeping power of Christ one recent Sunday night, and he only lived to see the following Sunday. Our brother has had the best of health this past year, therefore, he had no thought of going so quick. He was only thirty-nine years of age, and was enrolled as a Soldier this summer, and since then has been acting as Sergeant-Major. When closing the coffin, his dear wife looked upon him and said she had the blessed hope of meeting him in heaven. We gave him an Army funeral.

A dear wife, eight children, and one brother and two sisters are left behind. May God comfort and sustain them.—N. W., Lieutenant.

SOCIAL STATISTICS.

The following monthly report for November, of our Social Secretary, shows what is being done in this direction:—

No. of Enquiry.	
New cases this month	44
Cases found this month	16

No. of Prison Gate.	
Prisoners prayed with	2,49[illegible]
Prisoners interviewed	2,6[illegible]
Prisoners given employment	[illegible]
Prisoners met on discharge	16[illegible]
Meetings held in prisons	[illegible]
Prisoners professed conversion	262
Publications given prisoners	2,[illegible]
Meals supplied ex-prisoners	372
Pieces of clothing given ex-prisoners	121
Hours spent in prison work	[illegible]
Beds supplied ex-prisoners	[illegible]
Ex-prisoners assisted with fares	31

Toronto Free Labour Bureau.

No. of	
Men found employment	2[illegible]
Men found permanent employment	2
Total	2[illegible]

Toronto Police Court

No. of (Men's Side.)	
Prisoners interviewed	1[illegible]
Prisoners spoken for	[illegible]
Handed over to S. A., or let go	41
Found employment	1
Returned to previous situations	40
Meals supplied	[illegible]
Fares paid	2
Beds supplied	[illegible]
Hours spent in P. C. Work	[illegible]
Clothes supplied	[illegible]

No. of (Women's Side.)	
Prisoners interviewed	[illegible]
Prisoners spoken for	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]

OUR INTERNATIONAL NEWS LETTER.

GREAT BRITAIN.

A recent important event in Army circles was the opening of the Sale of Work in the Dore picture gallery rooms, in connection with the Women's Social Operations, by H. R. H. the Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll.

Her Royal Highness had graciously consented to open for Mrs. Booth a Sale of Work held in the Dore Gallery, Bond Street, and punctually at 3.30 on the eventful Thursday afternoon, she arrived, accompanied by His Grace.

The distinguished visitors were received by Lady Frances Balfour, who immediately presented Mrs. Booth to H.R.H. Commissioner Cox, Colonel Sapsworth, and Colonel Lambert, of the Women's Social Work; and Colonel Mildred Duff, were then presented by Mrs. Booth, as was also Captain Eveline Soper (Mrs. Booth's sister) and Captains Catherine and Mary Booth (her two daughters.) Colonel Barker, Chief Secretary of the Women's Social Work, was, unfortunately, too unwell to be present.

Very soon the Royal party were joining with the audience in that grand old hymn, "Oh, God our Help in ages past." The Rev. Archibald Fleming, D.D., then offered prayer. It was a most interesting, and, indeed, unique gathering, walled in by those wonderful pictures, the world-famous painting of "Christ Leaving the Praetorium" forming a background to the platform group, and the proceedings being, to our mind, entirely in harmony with the will of Him who bore our griefs and carried our sorrows.

For here were the rich and favoured lending their sympathy and aid to the cause of the poor and sorrowful—a cause most eloquently pleaded by Mrs. Booth in an address, to which the Princess and the Duke listened with evident interest and feeling.

A very sweet little touch of nature came at the close of this address, when Mrs. Booth's youngest son, Wycliffe (who in Bandsman's uniform, had been sitting at his mother's feet) rose and, with a beaming smile, presented to H.R.H. copies of Miss Hulda Friedrich's "Romance of The Salvation Army," and our latest Annual Report.

His Grace the Duke of Argyll, in the course of his warm and appreciative address, paid a high tribute to the Organisation, which can direct helpful effort and bring the influence of personal sympathy to the assistance of our fellow creatures." It was, he was sure, a great pleasure to the Princess to be able to co-operate with Mrs. Booth in this important work.

The Royal Lady, Who Opened an Army Sale of Work.

UNITED STATES.

The latest Cry from over the border contains accounts of the Christmas festivities. 300,000 meals have been supplied to the poorest of the poor in American cities.

At the Annual Staff Banquet, Mr. John Wanamaker, merchant prince and public benefactor gave an address. Sincere tributes were paid both The General and the Commander. Speaking of past difficulties and present successes, Mr. Wanamaker declared: "It is the same old Salvation Army that Mother Booth started. It is the same old horn, but it has got another toot, toot. People have got far past wondering if the blessing of God is upon you. God Almighty has helped you up, up, up to your high position, where I believe almost anything is possible to you."

INDIA.

In the old days of the war with the powerful Maharaja Ranjit Singh, before the Punjab had become a British possession, a fortress was built at Ludhiana by the English general. And now, in its great campaign against Maharaja Satan and his hosts of poverty, misery, crime and sin, The Salvation Army has garrisoned the same old fortress, and opened fire on the enemies of God and man, in the form of a Weaving School. This was opened by His Honour Sir Louis Dane, K.C.I.E., C.S.I., I.C.S., F.R.G.S., Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, who, in reply to an address of welcome by Commissioner Booth-Tucker, said:—

"Mr. Booth-Tucker, Ladies and Gentlemen,—I thank you on behalf of Lady Dane and myself for the welcome that you have extended to us, and for the honour which you have done me in calling this Weaving School after me. I am surprised to see how well advanced all your arrangements are, in the very short time that has been at your disposal, and the energy and enthusiasm with which you have started the work give good ground for confident hope in the future of the school. It will indeed, be a great thing for the present generation of hand-loom weavers, if we can succeed in adapting and applying an improved hand-loom to their requirements. Not only will they benefit by the increased output of cloth, but the experience gained will be of use in future factories of the Province.

"So, too, we have The Salvation Army, which, in another sphere in your city, is doing its best to raise the condition of a deserving class which has been hard hit by mechanical improvements—the hand-weavers. I was very pleased to be able to meet the proposal of my friend and fellow-classman, Commissioner Booth-Tucker, to contribute for the cost of a weaving institute, which we hope will do something to improve hand-loom weaving in the Punjab, and which will, even if machinery eventually kills the hand-looms, give us a set of trained weavers to take up work in the factories, which will certainly soon come into existence in this progressive Province, and to facilitate the development of which in the interests of the industrial regeneration of the country is one of the chief aims of Government. I fixed the site of the Institute at Ludhiana, as one of the most central points in the Punjab, as a great centre already of textile industry, and as a point where men of all creeds find themselves. I am glad to see that so successful a start has been made.

The objects of the Institution are briefly:—

1. To help the Weavers of the Punjab, in their struggle for existence, by enabling them to learn the latest and most up-to-date methods of hand-loom weaving and warping.

2. To enable them by means of co-operative credit societies, to purchase their own improved looms and other weaving apparatus.

3. Not only to furnish free tuition to Punjabi weavers, but to enable them to earn a living wage while they are learning.

4. To help them both in buying their yarn in the cheapest and best markets, and in selling their cloth at the most satisfactory prices."

Natives Drilling Pearls.

MEMORIAL SERVICE AT HOME CORPS.

On Sunday, December 27th Major McGillivray conducted a memorial service for the late Mrs. Ensign Hamilton, in the Fredericton Hall, which was crowded. A most impressive service was held, the congregation at times being bathed in tears.

The Lord is divinely upholding the Ensign, as well as the relatives. Two souls came forward for salvation.

Mrs. Hamilton's promotion has made a wonderful impression on the Fredericton Corps, as she was beloved by all who knew her.

BUILDING NEW BARRACKS.

The past year has been a very prosperous one for The Salvation Army at Lamaline. We have taken down our old Barracks and have purchased a new Hall for the sum of $[illegible]. We have been working on it since May, 1905, and now have it joined outside, and are preparing to paint and paper it inside.

It is a splendid little building, and has a beautiful appearance. In addition to this, we are building another Barracks at our Outpost—Point Aux Gros. This little village has been worked as an Outpost for years, and our Soldiers have increased of late, so that we think it necessary to build a Barracks for them. This building is nearly completed, and will cost about $[illegible]. We have a Corps of twenty-seven Soldiers here now, and are marching forward with bright hopes.

Been heavenly grations are for earthly obedience.

The Story of a Might-Have-Been.

This is a human document of great interest. It describes the story of a young man who became a Salvationist, and ought to have been an Officer, but his parents were against The Army. He became a backslider, an outlaw, and was shot dead by a sheriff's posse under most exciting circumstances.

"The Captain Went Home With Him."

CHAPTER VIII.

TURNING FROM THE PATH.

A BIG crowd gathered at The Army Barracks that night to hear the new convert give his testimony. Will had insisted upon going, in spite of the protestations of his parents, for the last thing that the Captain had said to him the night previous, was to invite him to the n[illegible]t meeting, and Will had promised to attend. He meant to keep his word, no matter who objected. He w[illegible]s given a hearty welcome, which gr[illegible]atly helped him to face the curiou[illegible] crowd, and to speak a few words [illegible]bout his conversion. It was a very [illegible]rying ordeal for Will, however, and when it was all over, he hurried ho[illegible]ewards, glad to escape from the c[illegible]iticising glances and remarks that [illegible]ere directed towards him. He had not gone far before he heard someone following him. Turning round he saw it was the Captain.

"I just wanted to have a word or two with you Brother Parker," said the cheery Officer. "I guess you've been having a kind of hard time, eh?"

"Almost more than I could bear," said Will, "but God has wonderfully helped me."

"Hallelujah," said the Captain, "you will find His grace sufficient under all circumstances. But now I want to ask you if you are going to be a Soldier of The Salvation Army?"

He watched Will's face somewhat anxiously, as if afraid that other influences had been at work on the mind of his young convert, turning him from the pathway he felt sure God had marked out for him. This young Captain meant to be beforehand with parents, minister, friends and everyone else, if at all possible, but, as we have already seen, he was forestalled by Mrs. Parker, and Will had already been greatly shaken in his determination to be a Salvationist.

"Will—er—Captain," he said haltingly, "you see, the fact is, that I have almost promised mother that I won't join The Army. She pleaded with me to remain in the church, and I am thinking of entering the ministry by and bye."

A shade of disappointment passed over the Captain's face. He said, however: "I believe, my brother, that you ought to join us, and, no doubt, the way to Officership would be opened up to you before long. Tell me, now, do you believe that God's Spirit led you to kneel at the penitent form last night?"

"I certainly believe that," said Will. "You joined us in spirit then, didn't you?" asked the Captain.

"Well, yes, I must say I was as enthusiastic as any Salvationist," said Will.

"And don't you think God wants you to remain with the people amongst whom you first saw the light?" went on the Captain.

"I believe He does," said Will, hesitatingly, "but there are so many things to consider before taking such a step, that I hesitate to give a decided answer as to my future course."

"I urge you to continue to obey the leadings of God's Spirit," said the Captain, "or else you will make a fine old mess of your life."

Were those words prophetic? They somewhat startled Will, anyhow, and he replied sharply:

"You can depend on my doing what I consider to be the right thing Captain, but I shall not say to-night whether I shall join The Army or not. I must have more time to consider the question. Good night."

The two young men parted at the gate of Will's home.

"It will be a thousand pities if that young fellow takes a wrong step," said the Captain to himself, as he walked back to the Quarters. "The eyes of the whole town are on him now, and a great deal depends on his future actions. He would make a good Officer, I believe, if he would but submit himself entirely to Christ. There seems to be a good deal of pride and self-will in him, however, and he is having a terrible struggle. May Christ gain the victory."

On the following day the Rev. Dean called to see Will by special appointment.

"Well, Will, my boy," he said, as soon as they were seated together in the parlour, "what is this I hear of you? Your parents have had a terrible scare. They fear you are going to run away and leave them, and upset all their plans for your future."

"I have done nothing more nor less than kneel at the penitent form of The Salvation Army, and ask God to pardon my sins," said Will.

"Well, I don't blame you for that, Will,' said the minister. "It was a straightforward thing to do, anyhow, though it has brought a great deal of ridicule on yourself and your parents. Do you know that everybody is saying what a bad young rascal that young Parker must have been, and that he hid his sins under a cloak of religion till he was about to be found out, and then he went to The Salvation Army to get them all covered up by a profession of conversion."

Will grew very red in the face as he heard this.

"I certainly was a bad sinner in the sight of God," he said, "but I didn't realise it till the other night."

"Oh, pshaw, Will, you are not such a bad fellow after all, you know," said the minister, who thought he had gone far enough in making Will feel humiliated, "in fact, you are a great deal better than most young men of your age. Anyhow, I don't see why you should have thought it necessary to confess your little faults so publicly and thus give people a chance to talk. You could have had a private talk with me in my study if you were in any difficulties about spiritual things, and all this scandal could have been avoided. Then, you should have considered the reputation of your parents and their social standing in the town. What dreadful humiliation you have brought upon them. Your mother assures me that she will not dare to show her face outside her own door for months to come. She is a very sensitive woman, you know. Now, Will, my lad, be reasonable, and don't do any more rash things like this, and no doubt the affair will blow over in a short time."

"What course do you advise me to take, sir?' said Will, who was, evidently weakening under this powerful attack. "The Salvation Army Captain wants me to become a Soldier right away, while mother suggests that I study for the ministry, and father is bent upon my going into partnership with him. I really feel perplexed, and should be glad of your advice."

"The minister seemed greatly pleased. He was succeeding beyond his expectations.

"I am glad that you have such confidence in my judgment, Will," he said, smiling, "now, I should advise you to fall in with your father's views. I think you could be a much more useful member of the church and society as a business man than as a minister. Wait for six months, however, till you get more established, and then if you still feel that you ought to devote your life to church work, why I will do all I can to give you a start. As regards The Salvation Army, I should advise you to drop them altogether. They are excellent people, in their way, and do a great deal of good, I have no doubt, but they are not for such as us to associate with on terms of familiarity. You could patronise them, you know, give to their funds, and occasionally be present at some big meeting, but beyond that, don't mix up with them any more than you can help."

"Well, Mr. Dean, I will do as you say," said poor Will. "It seems to be the——best way." He was about to say easiest way, but checked himself.

"All right then, Will, I expect to see you at prayer meeting to-morrow night, and at church on Sunday, in your usual place." And with a cordial shake of the hand, the Rev. Dean took his departure.

(To be continued.)

"Now, Will, My Lad, Be Reasonable."

MISSING.

(First insertion.)

7029. TAYLOR, ALEXANDER. Age 26; black hair; blue eyes; short; very stout and healthy. Born in Brighton, Ont. Left home in March, 1904. Last heard from Trenton, Mich. Was working in brick-yard. Mother enquires.

7027. LILY, ALBERT. Came to Canada about three years ago. Was in Toronto in 1906, and then came to Toronto, Ont. Grandmother enquires.

7032. KINNON T S., (or T. McKinnon.) age 33; height 5ft., 6in brown hair; blue-grey eyes; ruddy complexion Native of Glasgow. Was working at the Palace Pitts, Hamilton, about three years ago. News wanted.

7030. BUTT, JOHN HENRY, of Harbour Grace, Nfld. Age 49; height 5ft., 3in.; light hair; brown eyes and dark complexion. When last heard of eighteen years ago, was working in New York. Mother anxious.

6930. OLSEN, K. A. M., Norwegian. Age 23; tall, thin and dark, with blue eyes. Came to Canada two and-a-half years ago, and has since been engaged in a railway company, and his last address was at a camp near Mercier P. O., Quebec. He has worked at Montmagny. May be in Montreal, P. Q. Mother anxious.

7025. EDWARDS, W. F. Last heard of from Vancouver, B. C., March 9th, 1908. He has been in Canada over four years, and has gone by both his Christian names, sometimes Fred and sometimes Wm. Age 30; height 5ft., 7 or 8in.; dark complexion and slight cast in both eyes. Father very anxious, also brother.

6993. WENDOVER, ELLERY. Left home October 15th, and ha[illegible] heard of since. Birth mark [illegible] arm. This boy is about 5ft. [illegible] in [illegible] eyes, [illegible] hair and deep dimple [illegible] cheeks when he smiles. [illegible] left home he wore a dark [illegible] pants, blue [illegible] without collar, black hose and [illegible] shoes. He is only 17 years old, but might be taken for 14 or 15. Father very anxious.

6335-6336. MISS LEAH SALES and EDITH MARSHALL. Leah Sales is 27 years of age; height [illegible] dark brown hair and eyes, dark complexion; domestic servant. Edith Marshall; age 30; height 5ft. [illegible] light eyes; dark hair and co[illegible]; domestic servant. Sales was in Toronto, and Marshall was in Montreal. News wanted.

(Second insertion.)

6741. THOMSON ANDREW JAS. Missing three years. Last heard of in Vancouver, B. C. Age [illegible]; height 5ft., 8in.; auburn hair, blue eyes and fair complexion. Is a blacksmith.

7035. OLSETH JOHANNES. Norwegian; age about 33; medium height. Left his home in Norway in 1905 and was heard of in April of this year; was then in Tacoma en route for Alaska. Parents are very anxious.

7038. CLARK, POLLY, or relatives. Was in Toronto about 18[illegible], and wrote from St. Thomas, Ont., in 18[illegible]. Above may go by name of La[illegible]. Nephew enquires.

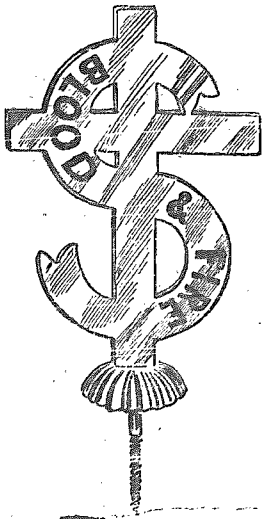
7039. WRIGHT, FREDERICK W. Age 30; height 5ft., 4 in.; brown hair, grey eyes, and fresh complexion. Missing since October, 19[illegible]. Last known address was Souris, Man. He is English and a groom by calling. Might have gone to Vancouver, B. C.

7070. CONNELL, HUGH TR[illegible]NE. Age 27; height 5ft., 8in.; dark hair and blue eyes; fair complexion; [illegible] on right cheek and tattoo marks on arms; Scotch; sailor. Missing [illegible] years, and was then working on new railway twenty miles outside Winnipeg.

[illegible]. McCARTNEY, JOHANNA (now Mrs. G. [illegible]); age [illegible], height 5ft., 4in.; dark brown hair; [illegible] eyes and darkish complexion; [illegible] in left eye. May be in saloon or cafe line. Last known address was Montreal, P. Q.

7051. COOKE, HERBERT. Came to Canada [illegible] years ago, from [illegible] [illegible]. When last heard of was [illegible]rier in Ontario. May [illegible]

BONNETS, HATS AND FLAG POLE HEADS.



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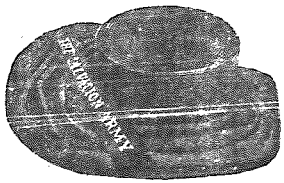

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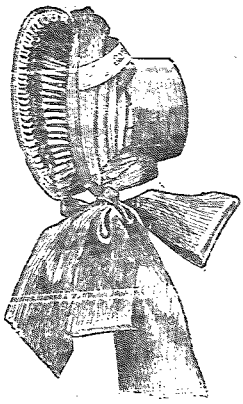

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A splendid programme will be rendered, in which over one hundred Bandsmen will take part.

BRIGADIER TAYLOR—January 31.

COLONEL McINTYRE, OF NEW YORK—February 7.

Soloists, Adjutant Magaha (vocal) and Capt. Allan (cornetist, from New York.

COMMISSIONER CADMAN—February 14.

The First Salvation Army Captain. The Commissioner has travelled round the world, and has been instrumental in leading thousands of souls to Christ.

The Chief Secretary

will visit

(a) THE TEMPLE—Sunday, January 24th, at 11 a.m., and 3 p.m., Assisted by the Territorial Staff Band and the T. H. Q. Staff.

(b) LONDON I.—Tuesday, January 26th.

ST. THOMAS—Wednesday, January 27th.

The Chief Secretary will give an illustrated lecture on the work of The Salvation Army in India, at both of the above places.

(a) DOVERCOURT — Sunday, January [illegible].

(a) RIVERDALE—Sunday, February 7th.

(a) Mrs. Mapp will accompany the Colonel. (b) The Field Secretary accompanies.

LIEUT.-COLONEL GASKIN

will visit

LONDON II.—Wednesday, January 27th.

MAJOR SIMCO

Assisted by Captain H. Golden, will visit Uxbridge from Saturday, Jan. 16, to Tuesday, Jan. 26, inclusive.

Headquarters' Specials.

BRIGADIER BOND'S BRIGADE.

Lippincott—Thursday, Jan. 21st, to Monday, Jan. 25th.
Yorkville—Thursday, February 4th, to Monday, Feb. 8th.

BRIGADIER POTTER'S BRIGADE.

Dovercourt—Thursday, January 14th, to Monday, January 18th.
Temple—Thursday, February 4th, to Monday, February 8th.

BRIGADIER SOUTHALL AND CAPTAIN MARDALL.

Lippincott—Thursday, February 11th, to Monday, February 16th.

MAJOR RAWLING'S BRIGADE.

Lippincott—Sunday, January 3rd.
Lisgar Street—Thursday, Jan. 28th, to Monday, February 1st.

STAFF-CAPT. TURPIN'S BRIGADE.

Dovercourt—Thursday, Feb. 11th, to Monday, Feb. 15th.

STAFF-CAPTAIN ATTWELL'S BRIGADE.

Esther Street—Thursday, Jan. 14th, to Monday, Jan. 18th.
Lisgar Street—Thursday, Feb. 4th, to Monday, Feb. 8th.

ENSIGN PEACOCK'S BRIGADE.

Dovercourt—Thursday, January 21st, to Monday, January 25th.
Lisgar Street — Thursday February 11th, to Monday February 15th.

ENSIGN LIGHTBOURNE AND CAPTAIN SIMPSON.

Dovercourt—Thursday, [illegible] 28th, to Monday, February [illegible]

SALVATION SONGS.

Holiness.

Tunes.—Euphony, B.B., 116; Sagina, B.B. 118.

1 Now I have found the ground wherein
Sure my soul's anchor may remain;
The wounds of Jesus for my sin
Before the world's foundation slain;
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,
When heaven and earth are fled away.

Fixed on this ground will I remain,
Though my heart fail and flesh decay;
This anchor shall my soul sustain,
When earth's foundations melt away:
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
Loved with an everlasting love.

Tune.—The Cross now covers, B.B., 112.

2 I stand all bewildered with wonder,
And gaze on the ocean of love;
And over its waves to my spirit
Comes peace like a heavenly dove.

I struggled and wrestled to win it,
The blessing that setteth me free;
But when I had ceased from my struggling,
His peace Jesus gave unto me.

The Prince of my peace is now passing,
The light of His face is on me;
But listen, beloved, He speaketh—
"My peace I will give unto thee."

War and Testimony.

Tune.—Poor old Joe, 179.

3 All round the world
The Army chariot rolls,
All round the world
The Lord is saving souls;
All round the world
Our Soldiers will be brave,
Around our colours we will rally—
Wave, Soldiers, wave.

Chorus.

Keep waving.

All round the world
The Saviour's blood shall flow,
All round the world
We will to battle go;
All round the world
The universe to save,
With Blood and Fire, with faith and feeling—
Wave, Soldiers, wave!

Tune.—My Saviour suffered, B. B., 255.

4 My Saviour suffered on the tree,
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!
Oh, come, and praise the Lord with me,
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

The Lamb, the Lamb, the bleeding Lamb!
I love the sound of Jesus' name,
It sets my spirit all in a flame;
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

I know my sins are all forgiven,
And now I'm on my way to heaven.

And this my ceaseless song shall be,
That Jesus tasted death for me.

Salvation.

Tunes.—Behold the Lamb, B.B., 122; Better World, B.B., 123.

5 Behold, behold the Lamb of God,
On the cross;
For us He shed His precious blood,
On the cross;
Oh, hear His all-important cry,
"Why perish, blood-bought sinner, why?"
Draw near and see your Saviour die,
On the cross.

Come, sinners, see Him lifted up,
He drinks for you the bitter cup.
The rocks do rend, the mountains quake,
While Jesus doth salvation make,
While Jesus suffers for our sake.

And now the mighty deed is done,
The battle's fought, the victory's won,
To heaven He turns His dying eyes,
"'Tis finished!" now the Conqueror cries;
Then bows His sacred head and dies.

Tune—[illegible] Song Book, No. [illegible]

6 Listen to the invitation,
"Come, ye weary, come to Me!"
Come, and you shall find [illegible]
Will you not to Jesus flee?

Chorus.

You never can tell when the Lord will call you,
You never can tell when your end will be;
Cast your poor soul in the sin-cleansing fountain,
Come and get saved and happy be.

Oh, 'tis madness to reject Him,
For when you are called to die,
You will want a loving Saviour,
So in time for mercy cry.

Oh, this wonderful salvation,
Offered now so full and free;
Seek it ere 'tis passed for ever,
Reconciled to Jesus be.

THE SIMULTANEOUS

Soul-Saving Campaign

SPECIALS.

Commissioner Cadman,

The first Salvation Army Captain, will conduct Great Soul-Saving Meetings as follows:

MEDICINE HAT—Friday, January 22.
CALGARY — Saturday and Sunday, January 23 and 24.
VERNON, B. C.—January 26.
VANCOUVER II.—January 28.
NEW WESTMINSTER—January 29.
VANCOUVER I.—January 31, and February 1.
NANAIMO—Tuesday, February 2nd.
VICTORIA — Wednesday, February 3rd.
EDMONTON—Saturday and Sunday, February 6th and 7th.

BRIGADIER and MRS. ADBY.

TEMPLE—January 12th to 15th.
PORT ARTHUR AND FORT WILLIAM—Saturday, January 30th, to Monday, February 8th.
WINNIPEG — Wednesday, February 10th, to Monday, February 22nd.

BRIGADIER JOHN ROBERTS

Who has been an Officer over Thirty years, from International Headquarters, will conduct

GREAT SOUL-SAVING MEETINGS

Halifax,—January 23rd, to 29th.
Campbellton,—January 30th to February 5th.
Montreal II.—Saturday, February 6th, to February 15th.
Kingston—Wednesday, February 17th, to February 22nd.
Belleville — Wednesday, February 24th, to March 1st.
Port Hope—Wednesday, March 3rd, to March 8th.

MAJOR AND MRS T. PLANT.

From International Headquarters, London, England; Musical Wonders, world-wide travellers, Songsters and Instrumentalists, will visit the following Corps, conducting a unique Musical Demonstration entitled, "Round the World in a Chariot of Music and Song:"—

Lethbridge, January 22 to 25.
Fernie—January 26 and 27.
Cranbrook—January 28, 29.
Nelson—January 30, 31.
Rossland—February 2, 3.
Vernon, B. C.—February 6, 7, 8.
New Westminster—February 10, 11.
Vancouver II.—February 12.

T. F. S. APPOINTMENTS.

Captain Bunton, West Ont. Prov.—Paris, January 26, 27; Brantford, Jan. 28; Tillsonburg, Jan. 29; Simcoe, Jan. 30, 31.

Captain Lloyd, West Ont. Prov.—Feversham, January 25-27; Orangeville, Jan. 26; Brampton, Jan. 2[illegible]; Lindsay, Jan. 30, 31; February 1.

Captain Mannion, East Ont. Prov.—Perth, January 23, 24; Tweed, Jan. 25-27; Peterborough, Jan. 28, 29; Port Hope, Jan. 30, 31.

Captain Backus, East. Ont. Prov.—North Head, January 21-24; St. John I., Jan. 26; St. John V., Jan. 27; Fairville, Jan. 28; Freeport, Jan. 30, 31, and February 1.

Captain Gilkinson, Eastern Prov.—New Glasgow, January 20-24; Inverness, Jan. 25, 26; Port Hood, Jan. 27, 28.

MISSING.

7002. GRUNDEY, ALBERT. Last known to be in Toronto. Came to Canada about thirteen months ago. His poor, broken-hearted mother has not heard from him since last March, consequently, she is very anxious.

6964. EVANS, THOMAS. Native of Monmouthshire, Wales; age 60. Was in Toronto about sixteen years ago, and was then a carriage builder. He has one son and one daughter.

6977. BARNETT, WALTER. Supposed to have left England for British Columbia, about March, 1907; was seen in Toronto after that date. Age 47; height 5ft., 8in.; grey hair, bald in front of head; grey eyes; sallow complexion. Has small scar by right temple. Draper. Wife would like to communicate.

7002. JOHNSON, ARTHUR. [illegible] very tall. Was working on rail[illegible] Rocky Mountains. [illegible] fretting [illegible] very anxious.

A Call to the Front

WANTED—for the next Session of Training, commencing in February, 1909, a number of consecrated young men and women. To those who are anxious to use their time and talents in building up the Kingdom of God—and thus laying up treasure in Heaven—this is an opportunity the angels would covet.

Time is fleeting! and with it your opportunities. You cannot recall the past, but the future is YOURS.

To the front! no more delaying;
Wounded spirits need thy care;
To the front! the Lord obeying,
Stoop to help the dying there.

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Candidates' Department,
S. A. Temple,
Toronto, Ont.

COUNSEL AND ADVICE.

Young men and women in need of counsel and advice on matters affecting either their personal experience, their work, their health, or their companionship, are invited to communicate with me at the following address, when I shall be glad to render them any help I can. All such communications will be treated as strictly confidential.

Please write the name and address distinctly, giving Christian and surname. Mark your envelope, "Young People's Counsellor."

Major C. W. Creighton,
Young People's Secretary,
James and Albert Streets, Toronto.